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The Struggle for Indochina CONTINUES

GENEVA TO BANDUNG

BY

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The Struggle for Indochina

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THE STRUGGLE FOR INDOCHINA CONTINUES GENEVA TO BANDUNG

IN 1954 a precarious peace came to Indochina. It came because Frenchmen had lost any desire to continue a fight which they could not possibly win against the Viet Minh; because the United States was not prepared to take over the war alone; because for the Soviet Union an Indochinese cease-fire seemed consistent with Communist international strategy; because the Chinese, finally, courting public opinion in neutral Asia and the free world, urged concessions on the Viet Minh. Even so, peace came only with difficulty.

Making peace was such a complex task because it had been so long neglected. More than ten years before, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was concerned about the future of Indochina, had expressed the belief that the Vietnamese people merited a regime under which they could achieve their freedom, and that it was the responsibility of the United States and its allies to establish such a regime. In the years that followed, the American people and the leaders of both parties, Democrats and Republicans alike, often forgot the meaning of these objectives even though they sometimes paid lip service to them. It was only in 1954 that an American delegation arrived in Geneva to consider how to stop a war which should never have been allowed to start; and then the bargaining power of the United States' friends in Indochina was so slight that American officials were not at all sure that the timing or the circumstances were right for negotiations.

This was an awkward time for American policy-makers; they were forced to recognize the unpalatable fact that practically all of the assumptions underlying United States policy in Indochina were simply not true.

First, there was the assumption that the American Government had been helping the French and the peoples of Indochina not only to fight Communism but also to win freedom for Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia. In Viet Nam, this would have made sense if the people knew something of the nature of political freedom and understood the oppressive nature of international Communism; some American officials seemed to have confused the Vietnamese peasant masses with the sophisticated German workers who rose in open revolt against Communism in East Berlin. The only freedom that most Vietnamese wanted was not from Communism, about which they knew little and understood less, but from France; and Communist-dominated though it was, the Viet Minh was the only force in the country fighting

for an independence which the French were persistently unwilling to grant. This was the reason why so many Vietnamese supported the Viet Minh and why the neutralist nations of Asia, with their aversion for colonialism, no matter how anti-Communist their own internal policies, would not take an open stand against the Viet Minh. Only in Laos and Cambodia was the independence issue fairly clear-cut; and the people of both those countries, although determined to oppose any Viet Minh encroachments on their territory, were primarily interested in achieving their independence from France—which they did by means of diplomacy, exploiting in their own interests French difficulties with the Viet Minh.

Second, there was the assumption that the Bao Dai regime, put into power by the French and recognized by the United States, had substantial popular support. This corrupt, ineffectual government had been instituted by French officials in 1949 not to oppose Communism, for the Vietnamese were not alone in making the Communism of the Viet Minh a secondary issue (the French have never felt so intensely as the United States about the Communist menace in Asia), but to enable France to divide and win control over the Vietnamese independence movement. There was never any secret that this was French strategy and the Vietnamese did not have to be particularly intelligent to realize it. It is true that there were honest Nationalists anxious to set up a truly independent and representative regime which could compete effectively with the Viet Minh for popular support but they received little help from the United States and, not unnaturally, none at all from France. As a result, most Vietnamese withheld their active support from Bao Dai, with grave political and military consequences for American policy.

It is not surprising that American officials did not wish to probe too deeply into the validity of their assumptions; it was naturally painful to have to recognize that by choosing to oppose Vietnamese Communism almost entirely by military means, the United States had failed to win the friendship of the Vietnamese people. This does not mean that the Vietnamese wanted to be Communists and that the Americans tried in vain to stop them. What it does mean is that they wanted to be independent under their own leaders, with American aid, and that that the United States refused them. Even when the American Government started pouring money into the military effort against the Viet Minh, the United States refused to give meaning to that military effort by helping the men around Bao Dai to stand on their own feet and make an honest bid for popular support.

American policy was based on still a third and equally erroneous assumption. This was that the French military position in Indochina was strong and growing stronger. For seven and a half years France and the United States had been fed on illusions and half-truths about the Vietnamese

situation; they regarded Indochina through a thick fog of unreality. The American Government continued to give the French Union forces substantial aid but failed to give the Vietnamese who supported the Viet Minh, or were asked to go to war against it, a reason for fighting alongside the French; and by 1954 the most important single fact in Indochina was the grave deterioration of the French military position in the north. If French officials were reluctant to admit this fact before French public opinion, they were even more reluctant to admit it before their American allies. The result was a widening gap between the two countries. As the French spoke of the need for negotiations, the Americans called for a war to the end; when the French talked of necessary concessions to the Communists, the Americans warned against appeasement and capitulation.

Foreign Minister Georges Bidault carried home a diplomatic success from the four-power conference in Berlin, in February 1954, when Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, as well as British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, agreed to the holding of a conference in Geneva not only to discuss Korean problems but also to try to reach a peace settlement in Indochina. But that was not to meet until April 26 and in the meantime the war went on, on the political front as well as the military one.

The problem for the West was that it had little with which to bargain at Geneva. The obvious method of trying to moderate the demands of the Communist powers by promising American recognition of Communist China or its admission to the United Nations would have been rejected by the American Senate under the leadership of Senator Knowland; the Senate would not accept at any price even the appearance of conciliation of the Chinese, nor would most of the American public at that time. There remained the bargaining strength of military force, but this, it was soon clear, would have to be American force; the French were hardly in a position to bargain. The first official intimation that the United States received of French military weakness came when General Paul Ely arrived in Washington in March and described the difficult situation of the French forces in the strong terms which French generals had used privately for years. French sources, in fact, reported General Ely's mission to be a request by the French Government, hitherto firmly opposed to more open American intervention in the war, for such intervention, although it does not appear to have been treated as such by the United States.

Highlighting General Ely's gloomy report was the military situation itself. General Vo Nguyen Giap had opened an all-out offensive after the announcement of the forthcoming Geneva Conference, and on March 13 he launched an attack on Dien Bien Phu. This was no guerrilla maneuver, as so many previous Viet Minh actions had been; backed by substantially

increased Chinese aid, it was a major action that speedily developed into a nutcracker movement as the Viet Minh slowly and mercilessly closed in on the highly vulnerable French positions.

Under other circumstances this could have been just one battle among many, with a Viet Minh victory or defeat at Dien Bien Phu of no determining importance for the outcome of the war; although some attempt was made by Frenchmen to explain the action as defending Laos, it had no overriding strategic importance. But it rapidly assumed enormous political meaning as the imminence of the Geneva Conference turned a high-powered lens upon each event of these March and April weeks.

For the Viet Minh, Dien Bien Phu had a crucial significance. This was the last opportunity before the Geneva Conference for the Viet Minh to show its military strength, its determination to fight until victory. And there were those who thought that General Giap was resolved on victory, no matter the cost, not only to impress the enemy but also to convince his Communist allies that the Viet Minh by its own efforts had earned a seat at the conference table and the right to a voice in its own future.

For the French people, who watched the siege of Dien Bien Phu with a strained attention they had not shown any previous event of the war, it became a symbol of their will to fight. Upon the outcome of the battle depended much of the spirit in which they would send their representatives to Geneva.

Dien Bien Phu was a poorly chosen place in which to make a stand, a valley exposed on all sides to the enemy artillery in the hills and impossible to supply except by air. And having chosen it, General Navarre was later accused by well-informed critics of failing to give the embattled garrison the total support it needed. Certainly French Intelligence underestimated the effectiveness of the heavy artillery supplied by the Chinese which the Viet Minh was able to bring against Dien Bien Phu.

For fifty-six days Viet Minh troops pounded at the beleaguered fortress. In desperation, the Laniel-Bidault government, taking literally Washington's frequent affirmations of the importance of the American stake in Indochina, appealed for American air intervention. They made one appeal early in April and another more urgent one later that month.

At one point in these tense days high American military authorities considered seriously dropping some atomic bombs on the Viet Minh but decided against it. The United States did not only decide against using atomic bombs; it also announced that it was not prepared to undertake any military intervention of its own in Indochina. An astonishing attempt was made at one point by State Department spokesmen to place the responsibility on the refusal of the British to join in any military action on the eve of Geneva, but in fact the decision not to intervene was an American one. Put to the test, the American Government, with Congress lacking support from a public

disillusioned over the Korean war, was not prepared to give the all-out help that the belligerent declarations of American officials had led the French Government to expect.

Secretary Dulles tried to create a position of strength through diplomacy. Even before the April 3d request of the French for aid, he had issued a call for "united action" against the Communists in Southeast Asia, and he hurried off to London and Paris in an effort to bring his allies into a formal Southeast Asian alliance of ten anti-Communist nations which would have had the effect of including Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia in a Southeast Asian defense system guaranteed by the Western powers. But this maneuver did not work. Even when Mr. Dulles said that the Chinese were "awful close" to intervention, he could not persuade the British and the French to join him in a move which seemed to them inevitably to give the impression that the United States had no intention of taking the Geneva Conference seriously. Eventually the British and the French were prepared to consider a Southeast Asian alliance but, having committed themselves to the principle of negotiation, they were determined first to give that a fair trial, and they pointedly noted that the Americans had done the same in Korea after a much shorter war.

The weeks leading up to the Geneva Conference were thus a record of failure for the West. The American diplomatic barrage of threats and warnings directed against increasing Chinese aid to the Viet Minh proved to signify nothing more than Washington's quite understandable dissatisfaction with the state of affairs in Southeast Asia, and contrasted sharply with its evident reluctance to undertake any concrete action. From the viewpoint of Western solidarity and American prestige, it was unfortunate that the French Government had been allowed to get to the point of asking for an intervention which the United States had no intention of undertaking, and that "united action" had been proclaimed only to spotlight disunity and inaction in the West.

From some of the neutralist Asian governments came proposals for a cease-fire in Indochina. Prime Minister Nehru took the lead in this peace drive and India was followed by its fellow members of the Colombo bloc, Indonesia, Burma, Pakistan, and Ceylon. The importance of these well-intentioned gestures was underscored by the course of the military struggle. On May 8, the anniversary of the end of the Second World War in Europe, France mourned the fall of Dien Bien Phu. It was a poor omen for the outcome of the conference already in session in Geneva. Frenchmen saw it as a symbol of the tragedy and mismanagement of the eight-year struggle and in France there was despair and final disillusionment.

In Geneva, the fall of Dien Bien Phu came as a body blow to the West.

PEACE AT WHAT PRICE?

Few international conferences have begun in an atmosphere of greater uncertainty than the Far Eastern Conference which opened in Geneva on April 26, 1954. Its discussions on Korea will not be dealt with here; it is enough to state that, to one's surprise, they proved fruitless. The Korean situation remained unchanged. For a while it seemed that the Indochinese conversations might also be deadlocked, there was so little initial agreement among the great powers. But as the weeks passed it became evident that the Geneva Conference was going to be a tremendous victory for China, Russia, and the Viet Minh.

The conference marked wide international acceptance, outside the United States, of Communist China as one of the five great powers, although American officials made a great point of avoiding even the most casual contacts with the Chinese during the time they spent at Geneva.

The Chinese and Russians insisted on the presence of the Viet Minh at the conference table, and out of the jungles and mountains of northern Viet Nam came the delegation of the Viet Minh or, more accurately, "the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam."¹ Three of the four delegates were no strangers to negotiations with France; in 1946, when they found that they were getting nowhere with their demands, they had broken off their talks with the French at Fontainebleau. Now they came to Geneva determined to force far more drastic terms on France and this time with the strength to back them up. Heading the delegation, as he had formerly headed the delegation at Fontainebleau, was Pham Van Dong, Vice President and Acting Foreign Minister, and with him were two other Fontainebleau veterans, Phan Anh, Minister of Economy, and Ta Quang Buu, Vice Minister of National Defense. The fourth delegate was the Viet Minh ambassador to Peking, Hoang Van Hoan.

The French Government had not demonstrated much interest in consulting the Associated States but at the last moment delegations from Laos, Cambodia, and Viet Nam also arrived in Switzerland. It was part of the tragic irony of the Vietnamese war that the key figures in the Vietnamese Nationalist delegation, Nguyen Quoc Dinh and Nguyen Dac Khe, had last seen members of the Viet Minh delegation when acting as legal advisers to them during the Fontainebleau Conference.

Behind the scenes were certain prominent figures on the Nationalist side, like former Prime Minister Tran Van Huu, who also came to Geneva to investigate the intentions of the Viet Minh and to advocate a united Viet Nam, neutralized politically and strategically, and independent of China. Even the

¹ In deference to popular usage, the less accurate term, "the Viet Minh," has been and will continue to be used here to designate the Ho Chi Minh regime, even though, technically, the Viet Minh as a national front movement has been absorbed into the Lien Viet.

Cao Dai pope, Pham Cong Tac, went there to try to evaluate Viet Minh intentions.

Foreign Minister Bidault, who attacked the problem from a different angle, had long been counting on opening negotiations with Communist China to strike a bargain under which the Chinese would have ended their considerable aid to the Viet Minh, leaving it an easy prey to the French Union forces. Bidault had never sought or even believed in the usefulness of direct negotiations with the Viet Minh, but his exaggerated expectations of American military aid backfired and for the first time he had to try to reach a compromise with the enemy.

In this effort he found himself quite alone. The American delegates, divided among themselves and highly sensitive to domestic political pressures against any concessions to the Communists, having nothing to offer either to their allies or to their enemies in the direction of conciliating their opposing positions, could hardly take over leadership at Geneva. It was left to Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, who attempted to link the Colombo Powers to the Geneva Conference, to act as mediator between the Communists and the French. The Indian Government, which was well intentioned if not always well informed on Indochina, although not officially a member of the conference, also played a certain role, directly through Krishna Menon, Nehru's personal representative in Geneva, and indirectly by means of the influence which India as a key member of the Commonwealth exerted on the British.

Unlike the United States, the British came to Geneva with a plan for peaceful settlement; and their plan, which called for a partition of Viet Nam, was in the end accepted by the conference. But what kind of partition? A division of the country by which at least a part of Viet Nam could be saved from the Communists? Or just a face-saving device for giving the entire country to the Viet Minh?

The Russians had come to Geneva because they were ready to negotiate on Indochina. And if Chou En-lai was there, it was obviously because he was prepared to make some concessions, or at least to make the Viet Minh consent to them. This was particularly the case after Chou, during a recess in the conference, made flying visits to Nehru in New Delhi and U Nu in Rangoon, and then conferred with Ho Chi Minh in northern Viet Nam, reportedly to convince him of the opposition of non-Communist Asia to Viet Minh insistence on French capitulation.

The French, for their part, were in Geneva because they had to negotiate; they had no other choice since they now knew finally that the United States was not willing to intervene in the war. Evidently the French would have to give up something, and it was soon clear that this would be northern Viet Nam, where the Communists were most firmly entrenched.

None of the Western governments liked this. The "State of Viet Nam"

(the Nationalist government), which was most directly affected, was very unhappy about it, but did not help the situation when it insisted at all costs on unifying Viet Nam under Bao Dai. This was a preposterous demand at a time when the intrinsic failure of his regime was more obvious than ever. And the insistence on a unified Viet Nam was a dangerous one. If military and political necessity dictated partition, an intelligent diplomacy should have recognized this, however unpleasant it was, and fought to safeguard whatever region was granted to the Nationalists. Above all, it was essential to construct a juridical wall at the northern limits of the Nationalist zone which the Communists could not penetrate under any pretext; but that would have required a political realism which was absent from Geneva. Instead, the Nationalist delegates, supported by the United States, insisted righteously and unrealistically on unity, which led inevitably to their acceptance of the principle of national elections to determine the future even of their own zone. And any elections, in view of the political chaos in the non-Communist areas of Viet Nam, threatened to open the entire country to the highly organized Communists.

Cambodia, though a small state, demonstrated that it was possible to make an independent policy even at a great power conference like Geneva. With Laos, it received Western help in successfully opposing Viet Minh claims on behalf of the Laotian and Cambodian dissident movements and in rejecting Viet Minh demands on the territories of the two states. But at the eleventh hour, with all the powers against it, Cambodia stood alone. It declared that it would not be neutralized and insisted on its right to self-defense. And the great powers gave way.

The Cambodian delegates followed the spirited precedent laid down by their King Norodom Sihanouk, standing up for their own rights when these were challenged. But the Vietnamese Nationalists had only Bao Dai, who had long since given up any hope of independent action, relying on foreigners to save himself.

Bidault, struggling to salvage something for France, tried to separate the arrangements for a cease-fire in Viet Nam from those for a political settlement, reasoning soundly enough that he could get better terms once the fighting had ceased. He tried to avoid even a temporary partition, which would come about if the opposing military forces were regrouped in separate zones, suggesting instead that the cease-fire be imposed on pockets of French and Viet Minh troops scattered throughout the country. But the obvious advantages to France of such proposals made them naturally unacceptable to the Communists.

To all the weaknesses of the French position was now added the instability of the French Government itself. Within the period of a month the Cabinet of Premier Laniel had twice had to ask the French Assembly for votes of

confidence on its Indochina policy. It had won them but not easily, and by June Bidault was under bitter attack in the Assembly. Having continually to fight on two fronts, in Paris as well as Geneva, while the military situation deteriorated daily in Viet Nam, he was badly placed to carry on effective negotiations.

The Laniel government finally fell after a smashing attack on the Indochina issue led by Pierre Mendès-France, who on June 17 succeeded Laniel as Premier. He carried the Assembly by an impressive majority when he promised that in thirty days (by July 20) he would either achieve peace terms ending the Indochina war or resign.

As his own Foreign Minister, Mendès-France hurried off to Geneva to take up where Bidault had left off. The bitter personal enmity between the two men and the widespread personal antagonisms which afflicted French internal politics had the effect of obscuring many of the realities of the Indochinese situation. It is little wonder that foreign governments and the French public experienced such difficulty in arriving at a correct estimate of the French position. If his predecessors had painted the French military position in too rosy a light, Mendès-France now had his own reasons for darkening it.

Whereas Bidault had long since been identified with a "tough" policy toward the Viet Minh grounded on internationalizing the peace and the war, Mendès-France had consistently favored a negotiated peace, achieved by direct talks with the Viet Minh; and soon after he assumed office he proceeded to initiate conversations with Pham Van Dong. American suspicions of this policy were highlighted rather overdramatically when Mr. Dulles decided to withdraw the official American representation at Geneva, thereby undercutting the Western position by underlining the general impression that the United States had washed its hands of the conference.

Bowing to urgent French and British requests, however, Dulles dashed over to Paris and, after consultations with Mendès-France and Eden, announced that he did after all have confidence in the intentions of the French Premier to conclude an honorable peace. Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith, who for a time had replaced Dulles at the conference, was sent back to Geneva.

But this byplay did not really alter the situation. The United States had in fact washed its hands of the conference, thereby facilitating the task of the Communists at Geneva. It would seem that the Communists, suspecting premeditated organization against them even when it did not exist, had placed an unwarranted faith in the unity of the Western powers and had believed, at first, that they might be called upon to make substantial concessions. There is some evidence that at a time when they were insisting publicly on Vietnamese unity, they would actually have been prepared to accept a Korean-

type settlement, namely, partition of the country for an indefinite period.² However, as the conference proceeded, they saw that the unified Western front which they dreaded did not exist; and so the negotiations revolved around, not the maximum concessions which the Communists would make, but their maximum demands which, with some modifications, were finally accepted. By failing to take a leading role in the discussions once it became clear that the West had no choice but to surrender at least a part of Viet Nam to the Communists, the American delegation withheld from Mendès-France the only real bargaining strength he had left, that of diplomacy, making it impossible for him to salvage intact even southern Viet Nam from the Geneva debacle. Instead, he had to agree that national elections be held in Viet Nam in the near future, even though there was good reason to fear that such elections would give the entire country to the Communists.

If the conference moved faster after Mendès-France replaced Bidault, it was partly because of the thirty-day limit he had set for himself, which, given the willingness of the Communists to make peace terms, undoubtedly speeded up the proceedings considerably. Also the Communists were aware that Mendès-France would give them the best terms they could expect from France; if he failed it was fairly certain that the conference would break down and that he would be replaced by a government determined to continue the war, doubtless with increased American military backing.

To these political advantages, Mendès-France tried to add a third when he announced that if the conference failed, French conscripts would be sent for the first time to Indochina to reinforce the expeditionary corps. This was a move so unpopular among the French public that hitherto no French politician had dared to advocate it. But even this announcement did not counteract the devastating news of the sudden withdrawal of French Union forces from the southern part of the Tonkinese Delta, where they were under strong Viet Minh pressure, in order to strengthen what remained of the French military position in the rest of the country. The evacuation left the French in control of a small area around Hanoi (which almost certainly would fall to the Communists anyway in a partition agreement), but abandoned to the Viet Minh important non-Communist areas, notably the Catholic bishoprics of Phat Diem and Bui Chu.

On the diplomatic front, once Mendès-France had accepted the basic Communist demands—not only that the Viet Minh be given immediate control

² According to a report of Colonel (now General) de Brébisson, who negotiated military questions with the Viet Minh at Geneva, the Viet Minh took the initiative to propose a private discussion at which, on June 10, the French were told that "for the Viet Minh, Tonkin was the essential and vital region, and that it was necessary to concentrate on two large regroupment zones, one in the north, for the Viet Minh, the other in the south, where the forces of the French Union would be regrouped. The dividing line between the two zones should be established somewhere near Hué." *Journal Officiel, Assemblée Nationale*, December 17, 1954, p. 6517.

over northern Viet Nam, but also that national elections be held fairly soon—final agreement could hardly be in doubt. It was then only a question of deciding where the partition line would be drawn (the Communists had asked for the thirteenth parallel but finally agreed on the seventeenth³); when the Vietnamese elections were to be held to re-establish national unity (the Viet Minh had asked for six months but finally accepted two years); and what international controls were to be set up.

In the meantime, discussions between the military authorities of both sides on a cease-fire agreement began in Geneva, then were transferred to Trung Gia in Viet Minh territory in North Viet Nam. In Geneva, the nine delegations, making no genuine attempt to negotiate real political problems, worked out a series of face-saving devices, avoiding the basic issues involved. The result was the Geneva accord (finished just in time to meet the deadline set by Mendès-France) which divided Viet Nam at the seventeenth parallel.⁴ All of north Viet Nam and part of central Viet Nam—from the Chinese frontier almost down to the old imperial capital of Hué, and including the important cities of Hanoi and Haiphong—were recognized as under the control, no longer of “rebels,” as they had been described for years by the French, but of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam. The south was left under the control of the State of Viet Nam.

Other provisions of the agreement called for the grouping of the military forces of one side which remained in the territory of the other into specified areas, which were to be evacuated in stages over a period of three hundred days; a broad political amnesty throughout the country and a ban on reprisals against citizens for their wartime activities; the safeguarding of democratic liberties; and a free option for all Vietnamese to choose in which zone they wished to live.

Neither zone was permitted to receive reinforcements of foreign troops, arms, or military supplies, or to establish new military bases. Nor could either government have foreign bases in its territory nor enter military alliances. The French Union forces in southern Viet Nam were the exception to this rule; they were to remain, to be withdrawn only at the request of the southern Vietnamese government.

³ M. Mendès-France reported to the National Assembly that the Viet Minh had first asked for the thirteenth parallel. (*Journal Officiel*, Assemblée Nationale, July 23, 1954, p. 3580.) Yet the line mentioned above, in the previous footnote, proposed by the Viet Minh some six weeks before the conclusion of the conference, was actually the seventeenth, the one finally agreed upon. It can be seen that the Viet Minh altered its strategy between June 10, when it offered concessions, and the following period when it found it more profitable to make demands.

⁴ For British and French texts of these accords, see British White Paper, Cmd. 9239, *Further Documents Relating to the Discussion of Indochina at the Geneva Conference June 16–July 21, 1954*. And *Notes et Etudes Documentaires* No. 1901, *Documents relatifs à la Conférence de Genève sur l'Indochine* (21 juillet 1954); and *ibid.*, No. 1909, *Accords sur la cessation des hostilités en Indochine* (Genève, 20 juillet 1954).

Responsibility for the carrying out of these terms was, in the first instance, recognized as that of the French and the Viet Minh. They in turn were made subject to the surveillance of an international commission (composed of Canadian, Indian, and Polish representatives, under Indian chairmanship) which was generally to vote by majority although on certain important questions unanimity was required.

The independence of Viet Nam, as of Laos and Cambodia, and also the principle of Vietnamese unity, were formally recognized by the conference.⁵ In July 1956 the future of Viet Nam was to be decided by free and secret elections under the control of the international commission constituted by Canada, India, and Poland. And consultations between the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam and the State of Viet Nam about the elections were scheduled to begin a year in advance, on July 20, 1955.

For Laos and Cambodia, the peace arrangements, although on paper not unlike the Vietnamese settlement, were in practice very different. They also were to have national elections—the Cambodians in 1955, the Laotians in September 1956—and the carrying out of the accords was to be under the surveillance of the same three nations as in Viet Nam. But while elections in Viet Nam looked like a convenient way of giving the entire country to the Communists, in Cambodia and Laos they seemed certain to constitute popular endorsement of the royal governments which were recognized by the Communist powers as well as by the West as the only legitimate authorities in both countries.

The agreement on Laos, which recognized the right of the Laotians to keep two French military bases and French military instructors, as the Laotians had requested, offered a general amnesty to the Viet Minh-controlled Laotian dissidents known as Pathet Lao. However, this did not finally settle the Communist problem in Laos. Alien military troops were to be evacuated within four months, but the Laotian rebels who did not choose to be reintegrated into the Laotian community were given two northern provinces of Laos, Phang Saly and Sam Neua, where they were to have special representation under the royal administration. This arrangement was supposed to last only until the elections.

The agreement on Cambodia made no provision for setting up regrouping areas. Within three months all French and other foreign troops were to have evacuated Cambodia. Although until the last hours of the conference it had been accepted that Laos and Cambodia would be neutralized, thanks to Tep Phan, Cambodian Foreign Minister, both countries won recognition of their

⁵ The independence of Viet Nam had been formally recognized by France on June 4 (see below, footnote 17). And in December 1954 the three Associated States signed agreements with France giving them full financial and economic independence. (See Notes et Etudes Documentaires No. 1973, *Accords et Conventions signés lors de la conférence quadripartite entre le Cambodge, La France, le Laos, et le Viet-Nam, Paris 29 et 30 décembre 1954.*

right to ask for foreign aid in men and matériel if it became necessary to do so to defend themselves, to allow foreign military bases on their territory if their security was menaced, and to enter into alliances which were not contrary to the United Nations Charter.

On July 21 the official documents were signed, which brought peace to Indochina. The United States maintained its strong reservations on the accord and, like the State of Viet Nam, which protested hopelessly against the agreement, did not join the other seven countries in signing the final declaration of the conference. General Bedell Smith, who thanked Eden and Molotov, the two presidents of the conference, for their good will and tireless efforts in reaching an agreement, issued a separate American declaration. It declared that the United States would abstain from any threat to modify the accords, and that it would regard any resumption of aggression in violation of the accords with grave concern and as a serious menace to international peace and security.

The Viet Minh may not have won all that it wanted at Geneva but it had every reason to be pleased. Its Communist dictatorship was reinforced by international recognition. And not only was its control recognized over the larger and more populous half of Viet Nam, but excellent opportunities were opened to the Viet Minh to take over the south as well, by infiltration. In large part at least, this was the inevitable result of the disastrous political and military policy pursued over the years by the French Government in Indochina, supported by the United States.

In any case, peace, however controversial its form and dubious its content, had come to Viet Nam. On August 11, after nearly eight years of war, the cease-fire was operating throughout all Indochina.

PROBLEMS IN THE NORTH

It was no secret that the Viet Minh, if not enthusiastic about the relatively few concessions it had been persuaded to make at Geneva, had made them with the conviction that the southern part of the country which had been refused to the Communists at Geneva would be awarded to them two years later by popular acclaim, in the elections. The important fact, however, was that in 1954 their forces had been ordered out of southern Viet Nam. If Western policymakers were to prove far-seeing and enterprising, there was one last slim chance that the Communists, despite their victory at Geneva, might yet be placed on the defensive throughout the country.

The Geneva settlement offered the West a unique opportunity for an unprecedented competition with the Communist world, using peaceful weapons. From such a competition, effectively carried on, the United States could gain invaluable experience for its dealings with the Communists, not only in Southeast Asia but in similarly disputed areas throughout the world.

Not that it would be easy. The Communists had proved to be stronger, the Nationalists weaker, and American policymakers less realistic than many people had hoped.

As the Viet Minh formally took over Hanoi and the rest of northern Viet Nam after the armistice, leaving in French hands only the area around the port city of Haiphong—which until May 18, 1955, was to be a regrouping station for members of the expeditionary corps waiting to be evacuated to the south, along with the French businessmen and Vietnamese civilians who also wished to leave the Viet Minh zone—observers were astounded by the speed and smoothness with which the new administration replaced that of the French and the Nationalists. Though the Viet Minh had suffered serious strains during the war years and the Communist dictatorship had strengthened drastically, it still had the support of large numbers of non-Communists, some of them in high places in the Viet Minh regime. They included French-trained intellectuals and professional men, members of some of the most prominent families of Viet Nam, and even some Catholics. "In the area I visited the Communists have scored a whole series of political, organizational, military and—one has to say it—moral triumphs," the American correspondent Joseph Alsop wrote after visiting Camau, the region in South Viet Nam which the Viet Minh had controlled since 1945, where after the armistice they regrouped their forces for evacuation to the north.

The thing that impressed me most, in fact, was not the Communists' extraordinary feat of organizing, maintaining and expanding an independent state in southern Indochina without exterior support, and in the teeth of French power. What impressed me most, alas, was the moral fervor they had inspired among non-Communist Viet Minh cadres and the stout support they had obtained from the peasantry.⁶

Simply evacuating Viet Minh troops to the north did not radically alter the bases of Viet Minh power south of the seventeenth parallel. It remained in the clandestine network of administration and propaganda with which the Viet Minh had covered the south; in many areas of the countryside the village administration was openly in the hands of Viet Minh elements. Certainly, men in Viet Minh uniform did leave for the north in considerable numbers, but who was to say how many among them were young people summoned to the north to complete their political and military training, and party stalwarts wanted for special purposes by the Hanoi government? If it was impossible to estimate how many guerrillas and soldiers had stayed behind in the guise of civilians and how many trained Viet Minh officials were working with them as administrators and agitators in the regions which they had nominally evacuated, it was certain that they were numerous. In village after village to which the Nationalist regime sent its own officials, the real business of government and the meting out of justice were carried on by the Viet Minh

⁶ *New York Herald Tribune*, December 31, 1954.

behind the scenes. Communist committees "To Defend the Peace" and "To Defend the Interests of the Peasants and the Workers," and associations of young people, women, workers, peasants, and others proliferated throughout southern Viet Nam.

Even in Saigon where French and Nationalist control had always been strongest (and perhaps because of that fact) there were groups not only among the poorer classes but also among intellectuals and professional men who were more than friendly to the Viet Minh, which, for them, still stood for the independence and unity of Viet Nam. From their point of view, such sympathy was not difficult to understand: the United States was not the only country to recognize that the Viet Minh had scored an impressive victory at Geneva, and in Viet Nam; it was evident to every Vietnamese.

However, the Geneva accords had by no means ended the serious difficulties of the Viet Minh, which, having won international recognition of its control over more than half the population of Viet Nam—more than twelve million people in the north as compared to the estimated ten million or so left to the Nationalist government in the south—had now the tremendous task of consolidating its gains and creating a self-sustaining regime in the densely populated north. At the governmental level, this was easy enough. Where Viet Minh administrative committees had not openly or clandestinely ruled northern Viet Nam, they had been held in readiness for the time when they could take over; with the armistice they simply came out into the open. And the *can bo*, the political cadres, came with them, enforcing conformity upon the population and bringing Communist discipline into every home. In Hanoi, for example, they set up a vast system of cells in which every one of the twelve members was made responsible for each of the eleven others, a classic Communist technique of indoctrination and control. The surveillance of every individual was linked with official encouragement of informers, and intensive political "education" by means of constant political meetings and the highly organized press and radio which operated as an arm of the government. If some people in the Viet Minh zone called themselves Communists, many did not; but they were all fed the same propaganda and molded in the same political pattern.

At the head of the regime were still the men under whom it had come to power, middle-aged now and with considerable experience of the non-Communist world, like Pham Van Dong, Vo Nguyen Giap, Phan Anh, Ta Quang Buu, and Ho Chi Minh himself. (And in the background, Truong Chinh, head of the Communist Lao Dong Party, who having served as a strategist of the revolution, was now reported to be working on the political conquest of the south.) But the strength of the government was above all in the young people who had grown to maturity under it, knowing no other world than the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam and no other creed than militant Com-

munism. They had one goal, the unification and communization of Viet Nam, with Chinese and Russian aid if possible, without it if necessary.

There was no place in this regime for the Westernized bourgeoisie or the independent intellectual, as those who remained behind in Hanoi when the French withdrew soon discovered. Vietnamese businessmen, who had believed Viet Minh promises of business as usual, were loaded down with taxes and controls; and intellectuals, even though they had been pro-Viet Minh throughout the war, found that they were regarded with suspicion and distrust in this new monolithic society which had been forged by eight years of fighting. Some of these people were able to prove that they had business in the Haiphong region; they got Viet Minh permission to leave for that area while it was still in French hands, and there arranged to be evacuated to the south. Many, however, did not dare to expose themselves to Viet Minh reprisals by asking for the necessary exit permit. They had no choice but to remain, prisoners of Viet Minh totalitarianism in everything but name.

Outside the cities, the Viet Minh continued to insist upon the importance of its agrarian policy, as indeed it had to if it was to hold the allegiance of the peasants. Along with rent controls and action against usury, the principles that every peasant should own the land he worked and that large properties should be divided up had been widely proclaimed in Viet Minh territory, if not as systematically implemented (land redistribution had been adapted at least in part to the political necessity of wooing the wealthy landowner, not so much in Viet Minh areas as in those under French control). It had already been recognized during the war years that even the political advantages of land redistribution could not entirely offset its economic disadvantages. "The system is far from perfect," admitted Nguyen Than Vinh, until Geneva, head of the Viet Minh economic and financial services of the Nam Bo (south Viet Nam).

It leads to over-fragmentation of property and to a very definite decrease in output. However, we have been obliged to stick to it because our entire political action among the peasants is based upon the right of each to individual property. We would have risked losing their support had we stopped breaking up land holdings. We therefore adopted a compromise: in each sector we keep 200 to 300 hectares of confiscated land which are exploited by collective farms with mechanical equipment, and aided by our technical services to improve their output. Thus, little by little, we are showing the peasants that it is to their interest to group together on their own to set up collective farms.⁷

Collectivization, however, was still both very limited and highly unpopular as the Viet Minh set about organizing one of the largest concentrations of

⁷ *Le Monde*, December 23, 1954. Theoretically, only the holdings of landowners active in the Bao Dai regime were supposed to be confiscated. In practice, most rich landowners on the Viet Minh side either gave up all or most of their land voluntarily to the state or were compelled by political or economic pressure to do so.

population per square mile in the world, that which crowded around the Red River Delta. Viet Minh restrictions on high rents and usury could be extended without difficulty to the new regions taken over by the Viet Minh, but they would have little effect on the most serious agrarian problem of the delta area: this was already not only a region of small landowners but of land holdings which were too small to support adequately the population which lived off them; and the enormous annual increase in population added to the drain upon the land and its further fragmentation.⁸ At best this situation might be only temporarily and partially alleviated by the flood of refugees to the south which followed the Geneva agreement.

Industrialization appealed to Viet Minh leaders as a means of strengthening the north by exploiting what natural advantages it had, its labor and its raw materials. Even under the French, the north had been the seat of most of the industry which existed in the country: mining, notably anthracite coal in the region of Hongay, cement works at Haiphong, cotton mills at Nam Dinh, and a variety of lesser industries ranging from glass works to railroad repair shops. Only through industry could the Viet Minh provide important products and services. For the present, mining assumed great importance in their calculations: exports of coal supplied the only foreign exchange at their disposal.

The Viet Minh intended to do its utmost to encourage Vietnamese business and industrial enterprises, which, as Phan Anh said, were infinitesimal in number during what he called "the time of the imperialistic policy of limitation and asphyxiation."⁹ Nonetheless, for the time being at least, Viet Minh leaders were anxious for the French to leave behind technicians and industrial equipment and capital, which their Communist allies could not easily supply. As they already had done in 1945 and 1946, Viet Minh leaders promised security and freedom from discrimination to French business and property in the north.¹⁰ Ho Chi Minh himself urged Frenchmen to remain, especially those engaged in economic activity. The French Government, for its part, was anxious to safeguard what it could of the considerable French investments in the north, and Jean Sainteny, who in 1945 and 1946 had negotiated with Viet Minh leaders and still believed in the feasibility of co-operation with them (translated popularly as "coexistence"), was sent to undertake new negotiations with the Communists.

Certain French circles seemed to be indulging in wishful thinking when they tried to justify this policy by counting on the centuries-old Vietnamese

⁸ See Ellen J. Hammer, *The Struggle for Indochina*, pp. 65-67.

⁹ *Le Monde*, December 23, 1954. Rich landowners on the Viet Minh side, who, theoretically, were supposed to be compensated for the land they were required to sell to the state, were said to be obligated to invest the money they received in industry.

¹⁰ See the exchange of letters to this effect between Pham Van Dong and Pierre Mendès-France at the Geneva Conference. *Notes et Etudes Documentaires*, No. 1901, *op. cit.*

tradition of opposition to Chinese encroachments on the independence of Viet Nam to counteract the close ideological alignment of the Viet Minh with the Communists, and relying on French economic co-operation to win the Viet Minh away from the Communists. At best it could only be said that the effect of "coexistence" would be to give the Viet Minh a certain minimum freedom of action in its relations with the Chinese and the Russians. However, there was another side to this argument: giving the Viet Minh the benefit of French technicians and capital would serve to strengthen the Communist bloc by strengthening one of its members and would provide it with an economic window on the rich resources of the West. In this regard, a French politician was not joking when he said: "Of course the Viet Minh wants to join the French Union. It is the only way it can have access to American dollars."

Sainteny, whose mission brought French *de facto* recognition to the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam (as contrasted with the *de jure* recognition it extended to the State of Viet Nam in the south), was *persona grata* among Viet Minh leaders as few Frenchmen were. Even so, he found it less difficult to reach agreement with the Viet Minh on cultural than on economic subjects. The Lycée Albert Sarraut, the French primary and secondary school in Hanoi at which many Vietnamese leaders of both zones had studied in their youth, was permitted to remain open, as were the Cancer Institute, the Pasteur Institute, and the *Ecole française de l'Extrême-Orient*.

In December 1954 Sainteny signed a vague accord with the Viet Minh for the protection of French economic interests north of the seventeenth parallel. It was up to individual businessmen to negotiate specific accords with the Viet Minh, however, and this they were loathe to do. In fact, the Sainteny mission in the north seemed to be pursuing a policy which was regarded with misgivings not only by French businessmen and commercial interests but also by French officials and military men in southern Viet Nam. In the words of Max Clos, correspondent of *Le Monde*:

What are the reasons advanced, notably among the circles which run the Saigon economy?

The first is financial: the Viet Minh, they say, guarantees the export of a normal profit to the franc zone. But in what money will these profits be expressed? The northern zone, which exports practically nothing, has no foreign exchange with the exception of what it has earned from several sales of coal abroad. The same argument holds for the establishment of commercial relations. Suppose that the Viet Minh buys products which are not on the contraband list, with what can it pay for them?

The second reason, which is most commonly advanced, is political. Most French businessmen in Hanoi have suffered heavy losses in China and this experience does not encourage them to take new risks. "The Hanoi accords," they say, "would be acceptable if they had been concluded with a non-Communist regime. We are

convinced that each of the expressions used: 'normal profit,' 'reasonable indemnity,' etc., interpreted according to Marxist dialectic could be used to justify any and all spoiliations."

The third reason, which is stronger than the others, derives from a sort of moral code which has taken shape in civilian and military circles since the armistice. Any one who declares himself in favor of a policy of co-existence is himself denounced first as naive, then as pro-Communist, finally as a traitor.

This line of reasoning was encouraged by French and American officials, according to Clos. The latter he describes as using financial pressure: "Certain administrators of French firms have interests in businesses under American control. Other firms are trying to win markets in the dollar zone."¹¹

Such arguments carried weight and as most French commercial and industrial interests made ready to evacuate the south, Viet Minh authorities did what they could to prevent them, encouraging strikes and demonstrations among the Haiphong dock workers, who were told that they would be left hungry and unemployed if the French moved their matériel southward. It is true that the French were not deaf to certain arguments: quite apart from their wholly justified doubts about the ultimate intentions of the Viet Minh, they had to recognize that they probably stood to lose much of their investment in any case, since only part of their total capital resources could productively be moved out of the country. They also faced the fact that so many other people had to face, that in 1956 the Viet Minh might be in control of all of Viet Nam, in which case it would dispose of substantial amounts of foreign exchange earned by exports of southern rice and rubber.¹² Thus in April 1955, the big French coal-mining company, the Charbonnages du Tonkin, reached an accord with the Viet Minh which was to buy all the installations, matériel, and stock of the company, paying in annual installments of coal, one million tons in all, over a period of fifteen years. It proved impossible, however, to agree on any arrangement whereby French capital could remain; this was not to be a joint Franco-Vietnamese enterprise, part capitalist and part Communist, which was a disappointment to those who had hoped that French economic influence could be kept in the country. By the time Viet Minh troops moved to take over the coal-mining regions from the French at the end of April 1955, as agreed at Geneva, all American-made installations which had been acquired by the French companies had been removed at the insistence of the American Government. The Viet Minh finally acquired ownership of

¹¹ *Le Monde*, January 4, 1955.

¹² The late director of the important Renault Corporation, Pierre Lefauchaux, arguing for the retention of French economic interests in the north reasoned that Indochina, whatever its politics, had to turn to the sea. Thus, he said, the north would have to continue to get some of its rice from south Viet Nam and could only export its coal, its sole medium of foreign exchange, by ships. Manufactured products also, he said, could only be received by sea. He doubted that China could supply what the Viet Minh needed.

the northern coal mines. But lacking key equipment essential for their running, it would have to rely instead on manual labor, the one resource which it had in abundance.

While the negotiations with the French were going on, the Viet Minh had to deal with urgent immediate problems which threatened the regime at its foundations. Despite its two annual rice crops, the north was dependent on imports from the south, more so than ever after the destructive fighting in the Red River Delta which preceded the Geneva accords and the poor harvests which followed them. The anti-Communist government in the south, however, had no intention of allowing the north any rice. Some aid might come from China, which in December 1954 delivered a quantity of rice and cotton cloth to the north, but as in 1945 and 1946 the Viet Minh was thrown on its own resources. Once again it launched a campaign to increase agricultural production, to reclaim every possible foot of land, to mobilize the population to work on the dikes and in the fields.

The threat of famine, which underlined the essential interdependence of Viet Nam, added an economic urgency to the determination of the Viet Minh to unify the entire country under its rule. An effective anti-Communist regime in the south would not only be a military threat—less by its own means than because of possible foreign bases on its territory—and a political threat—by offering an attractive alternative to Communism—but also a barrier to a vital source of food. It was therefore not surprising that Viet Minh leaders assured foreign visitors that they were prepared, if necessary, to fight for unity, confident that in 1956 they were certain to be the victors in any national elections. "Make no mistake," Pham Van Dong said. "Those elections will be held." And Phan Anh said:

"Rice. First and foremost there must be enough rice. But this year's crops . . ." He shook his head and made a small decisive motion with his chopsticks. "This country must be unified. They need each other economically, the north and the south. There can be no question of continued partition."¹³

The Viet Minh set about rebuilding the roads and railroads in its territory, notably those which linked the country to China, and in December 1954, it signed an agreement in Peking dealing largely with communications. It provided for a joint railroad and highway building program, for civil air traffic and postal and telecommunications services between the two countries; and also for equipment to restore the partially destroyed agricultural network of dikes, canals, and other vital hydraulic installations urgently needed for the struggle against famine in northern Viet Nam. A thousand trained Chinese railroad workers and technicians were dispatched to Viet Nam to help in the building of a railroad from Hanoi to the Chinese frontier a few miles

¹³ *The Observer*, March 20, 1955.

north of Lang Son. The French-built Haiphong railroad, which ran through Hanoi to Kunming, was also being rebuilt with Chinese aid. Equipment to start a civil air service was reported by Hanoi as coming from China too.

To find the manpower for this ambitious building program, the Viet Minh resorted to forced labor on a large scale. This policy was reflected quickly in the flood of refugees that began streaming out of northern Viet Nam, taking advantage of the Geneva accord to demand sanctuary in the south. It was expected that they would amount to close to a million in all. Some of the refugees were Buddhists; most of them, however, were Catholics, largely because the Catholic communities were the best organized and they were encouraged to flee by their religious leaders as well as by the government in the south. The religious factor was undoubtedly an important one in their decision to leave, but it would seem that revulsion against forced labor and the tight economic and political controls and heavy levies imposed upon them by the Communists weighed heavily among refugees, regardless of their religion.

Although a certain percent of the refugees were Viet Minh agents taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the Geneva accord for easy transportation to the south, the enormous numbers who arrived in the Nationalist zone left no doubt of the widespread dissatisfaction with the Viet Minh regime. In flagrant disregard of the Geneva convention, the Viet Minh placed various restrictions in the way of the refugees, of which the requirement that anyone wishing to leave formally request permission to do so, thereby declaring himself an enemy of the regime, was only the first and the slightest. Many escaped by their own means, risking their lives to get to unguarded coastal areas where French and American ships picked them up. When Viet Minh government appeals to the people to remain were disregarded and its official policy of freedom of religion failed to reassure the Catholic community, Viet Minh soldiers did not hesitate to use force against them, with the result that in Hanoi the churches were full whereas in such areas as Nghe Anh and Ha Tinh Catholics were openly persecuted. It was clear not only that the exodus constituted a serious popular indictment of the northern regime, but that it would have been multiplied several-fold had the refugees been permitted to leave freely.

The Indian-Canadian-Polish commission, established at Geneva to oversee the carrying out of the armistic, proved unable to safeguard the right of refugees to have the north freely. It was little more successful in preventing the Viet Minh from receiving military supplies from China. These continued to slip across the frontier, which the commission was unable to patrol adequately; it was no more effective than the French had been in closing the border during the war years. The Viet Minh was also reported to have doubled the number of regular army units which it had had at the time of Geneva, by the end of 1954. Of itself, however, this was not a violation of the Geneva agreement.

At the same time, the Viet Minh was active diplomatically. It not only maintained close relations with the Communists, both Russian and Chinese (in 1954 welcoming a Soviet ambassador to Hanoi), it also courted neutralist Asia. Although India had never recognized the Bao Dai regime, neither had it recognized the Viet Minh. In the fall of 1954, however, Nehru, who was on his way to China, stopped off in Hanoi where he was warmly received and had long conversations with Ho Chi Minh; and in April 1955 the Viet Minh, like Communist China, sent a delegation to the Bandung Conference, which was sponsored by the Colombo Powers.

To the French, the policy of the Viet Minh was a combination of re-strained friendship and unmistakable warning. Friendship, when Pham Van Dong said:

The popular government [the Viet Minh] sincerely desires to establish economic relations with France for reasons which are both political and economic. . . . That does not prevent us from establishing relations with friendly countries like China, but we are used to working with the French and we can continue to do so on a basis of equality and reciprocity.

Warning, when he spoke of the United States, whose attempts to build an anti-Communist state in southern Viet Nam caused grave concern in the north. "France must choose between Washington and Hanoi," Pham Van Dong said, "and only the latter policy will enable her to maintain political and economic positions in the Pacific." Asked about the possibility that the American-supported southern government might refuse to hold elections, he said:

That would be a very grave decision, but it is you, the French, who are responsible, for it is with you that we signed the Geneva agreement, and it is you who will have to see that it is respected. The unity of Viet Nam will be achieved in any case, with France or against France . . .¹⁴

PARALYSIS IN THE SOUTH

Men in Saigon, not unnaturally, regarded the prospect of elections in 1956 with very different eyes than the Viet Minh leaders in Hanoi. Southern Viet Nam was far from ready for elections of any kind. It still had to find itself as a political entity, to build up the apparatus of an independent state, to channel popular feelings into political organization, to learn the necessity of common action for a common goal. Norminally under an anti-Communist regime, it was actually in a state of near chaos, from which the Communists were the first to profit. In fact, some observers believed that the Viet Minh was stronger south of the seventeenth parallel than it was in the north.

Seen from the viewpoint of certain American officials—and the dominant role assumed in the south by American political and military advisers, techni-

¹⁴ *Le Monde*, January 2-3, 1955.

cians and economic aid were the major new element added to the Vietnamese scene after Geneva—the disorganization and lack of unity in the south were so overwhelming as to appear at times to be deliberately created. In the immediate post-Geneva period, it was possible to explain much of the ineffectualness of the Vietnamese Nationalist government by the paralyzing effect on southern morale of the division of the country and the fear of elections, the unpreparedness of southern Viet Nam's inexperienced leaders to deal with this new situation, and the problems created by the influx of the refugees from the north. But months passed and the situation became no better. The tendency of some of the American newcomers then was to look for an outside agency to explain the obvious difficulties of the Nationalist regime; and with the encouragement of the small clique of Vietnamese with whom they were in contact, they began to blame the anarchy in southern Viet Nam upon the French. The situation was far more complex than that, however, and if French officials could not be acquitted of all responsibility, neither could the Americans—to whom the French had surrendered the political initiative in southern Viet Nam after Geneva—or the Vietnamese themselves.

That important organized groups and many individuals in the south did not want to live under Viet Minh domination was undeniable. Some of these had profited materially from the French and the Bao Dai administrations; a number had protested consistently, if ineffectually, against them. The probable corruption of the one and the evident lack of organization of the other were part of the political reality of southern Viet Nam, the legacy of eight years of French rule during the Vietnamese war, when corruption and intrigue had been systematically encouraged and the political organization of Nationalist elements deliberately emasculated. Such conditions were hardly conducive to creating the kind of political efficiency desirable in a region that was supposed to be undertaking its own defense, and perhaps even that of its compatriots to the north, against a victorious Communist dictatorship. Still less did the peculiar conditions prevailing among Nationalist elements in southern Viet Nam facilitate the efforts of their new American allies to understand them and to work with them against the Communists.

Thus a major political force in the south was constituted by the two politico-religious sects, the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao, which controlled considerable areas of the countryside; and the Binh Xuyen, which had little politics and less religion, and ran not only organized gambling in Saigon but, since early in 1954, the Saigon police force as well. The three sects, which lived off the areas they controlled, had offered a nominal co-operation to the French during the war years in exchange for substantial and continuing payments of money and military equipment. With French aid, they increased their numbers and their private armies until, when peace came, the total armed forces at their disposal numbered 40,000 at a conservative estimate, the greater part of those troops being divided between the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao.

The sects had proved at best half-hearted allies of the French, for they were basically opposed to colonialism. Anarchic and independent-minded, they clashed even among themselves, but they had two important characteristics in common: they were nationalistic and they were strongly opposed to the Viet Minh. One of the few political certainties in southern Viet Nam in 1954 and 1955 was that no Viet Minh elements were active in regions controlled by the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao; there were not many other areas of southern Viet Nam of which this could have been said. Lacking the religious aspect of the other two sects, the unsavory qualities of the Binh Xuyen were even more obvious; however, it too was actively and effectively anti-Communist.

Obviously the sects did not constitute ideal allies in the struggle against Communism; they were feudal, determined at any cost to hold on to their privileged position, and hardly an influence toward enlightened government. Nonetheless they were politically important, increasingly so as it became evident that they were virtually unique among Nationalist groups in having popular roots in the south. Almost alone of the American press,¹⁵ Joseph Alsop pointed this out in one of his discerning series of articles from Indochina. He wrote:

The positive virtues . . . may be lacking in such sect leaders as Gen. Le Van Vien of the Binh Xuyen sect that controls Saigon, the "pope" and generals of the Cao Dai sect; and old Tran Van Soai and war-drunk Ba Cut of the Hoa Hao. But in their different ways, these are exceedingly able, tough and astute men who have risen out of the peasant masses by their own efforts. . .

The sect leaders . . . are strongly rooted in their native earth. For good or ill—and, alas, mostly for ill—they are able to . . . compete with the Viet Minh in controlling the peasants of the villages, because they understand the peasants of the villages . . . they have already proved in their own domains that they can take on and defeat the Viet Minh . . .

For the same reason that they are strong, because they are still in a sense Asian primitives, the sect leaders do not see their own folly. They do not understand the larger, non-local issues which make their feudal answers to the Viet Minh ultimately hopeless. But just because the sect leaders do not have this kind of understanding, the American policy-makers are not excused from the effort of trying to understand the sect leaders.¹⁶

The Vietnamese national army, by definition, was also opposed to the Viet Minh, despite occasional desertions to the other side. However, as yet it had little understanding of or conviction about what it was expected to fight for. Because its growth and independence had been systematically obstructed by French officials, it was still only in its formative stages as an instrument of

¹⁵ For the first appreciation by the American press and radio of the importance of the sects, see the radio commentary by Edward R. Murrow, based on an interview with Prince Buu Hoi, on the Columbia Broadcasting System, September 23, 1954.

¹⁶ *New York Herald Tribune*, March 31, 1955.

political power. One day the time might come when it could play a significant role in achieving unity in the south.

And finally there were the many individuals, some of whom organized fluctuating groups from time to time, but all of whom—whether intellectuals, men who as Nationalists had collaborated with the Viet Minh but broken with it because of its Communism, bourgeois elements who feared their almost certain extinction as a class if the Viet Minh took over, Catholics, or people associated with the Bao Dai regime—had no desire to live under Viet Minh domination. Of these, it must be said that those elements best equipped to lead the political struggle against the Viet Minh were precisely those which were regarded with most suspicion by certain of the American officials who found themselves making policy in Viet Nam in 1954 and 1955. Nationalists who had once worked with the Viet Minh were evidently best equipped to rally the people against it. They understood both its mechanism of action and its popular strength as no outsider could and were able to turn its techniques and its professed principles against it; they had also come closer to the people than had most of the intellectual and middle-class Nationalists who had no experience of mass movements and whose sole contribution to the Nationalist cause was their insistence, especially among foreigners, that they were anti-French; and further, these men who had at one time worked with the Viet Minh benefited from the very real and favorable prejudice in their favor on the part of the majority of the population because they had participated actively in the struggle for independence.

The Nationalist government, such as it was, did not so much control these various elements as parallel them. The Buu Loc government, in office during the first half of 1954, despite its good intentions when it assumed power, had little time to devote to the political situation in Viet Nam. Its energies were first concentrated on negotiating with France two treaties which recognized the independence of Viet Nam and its free association with France as an equal member of the French Union. This Buu Loc accomplished, and the treaties were initialed on June 4, 1954.¹⁷ By this time the Geneva Conference had been in session for more than a month and key members of his government were too busy in Switzerland to have much time for affairs at home. To the involuntary absence of the Prime Minister and members of his Cabinet was added the voluntary absence of the Chief of State; Bao Dai remained at his ease on the Riviera. It was absentee government at all the top levels of authority.

Then, in mid-June, at almost the same time that Mendès-France came to power in France, Buu Loc resigned and Ngo Dinh Diem was named Prime Minister by Bao Dai. For some twenty years Diem had remained aloof from

¹⁷ For the texts of these agreements, see *La Documentation Française, Présidence du Conseil, Articles et Documents* (1954), No. 067.

the political scene and, as a symbol of Nationalist intransigence contrasted with the supineness and corruption of the Bao Dai regime, a certain legend had grown up around his name. Obviously it was not based on any firsthand knowledge of his political abilities since he had never had the opportunity to demonstrate these; it derived solely from his identification with the Nationalist ideal. Unfortunately he came to power at a time when nationalism was no longer sufficient and nothing short of political genius would be enough to cope with the situation and to wrest something from the Communists.

What was needed above all in southern Viet Nam was unity, to counteract the Communist-imposed unity in the north. The Vietnamese had to be rallied and inspired to the greatest effort they had made in their lives, to save themselves by working together. This was an extremely difficult task for a people who had not been permitted to learn the responsibilities of power and who had little reason to be hopeful of the future. But without unity, and the vision and courage of Vietnamese leaders necessary to achieve it, there would be no future for any non-Communist government in southern Viet Nam. As never before, a popular leader was needed who could command a personal following among the Vietnamese people.

There is little evidence that Ngo Dinh Diem, profoundly conscious of his own good intentions, appreciated the problem of unity. Doubtless out of maladdress rather than deliberate intention, though with the same effect, he succeeded in antagonizing numerous individuals and groups who had every reason, and even every desire, to co-operate with him. The new government seemed unable to make any personal contact with the population, either to find out what they wanted it to do or to persuade them of the rightness of what it proposed to do. Distrustful or perhaps simply ignorant of democratic procedures, its methods were arbitrary and authoritarian without being efficient. There was even a danger that it might make religion an issue in Viet Nam, as it had not been for a century. Diem himself was a militant Catholic and his government turned openly to the Catholic minority in the south for the support which the Confucianist and Buddhist majority was slow to give. The public reacted bitterly to this sectarian policy. No one expressed the popular feeling more strongly than the well-known British Catholic writer, Graham Greene, who reported:

It is Catholicism which has helped to ruin the government of Mr. Diem, for his genuine piety . . . has been exploited by his American advisers until the Church is in danger of sharing the unpopularity of the United States. An unfortunate visit by Cardinal Spellman ("He spoke to us," said a Vietnamese priest, "much of the Calf of Gold but less of the Mother of God") has been followed by those of Cardinal Gillroy and the Archbishop of Canberra. Great sums are spent on organized demonstrations for the visitors, and an impression is given that the Catholic Church is occidental and an ally of the United States in the cold war. On the rare occasions when

Mr. Diem has visited the areas formerly held by the Viet Minh, there has been a priest at his side, and usually an American one.

In the whole of Viet Nam the proportion of Catholics to the population is roughly the same as in England—one in ten, a ratio insufficient to justify a Catholic government. Mr. Diem's ministers are not all Catholic, but Mr. Diem, justifiably suspicious of many of his supporters, has confined the actual government to himself and members of his family. He undertakes personally the granting of exit and entry visas . . .

The south, instead of confronting the totalitarian north with the evidences of freedom, has slipped into an inefficient dictatorship: newspapers suppressed, strict censorship, men exiled by administrative order and not by judgment of the courts. It is unfortunate that a government of this kind should be identified with one faith. Mr. Diem may well leave his tolerant country a legacy of anti-Catholicism.¹⁸

Most of the Catholics on whom Ngo Dinh Diem relied were not from southern Viet Nam at all. They were among the hundreds of thousands of refugees who came south after Geneva. The Diem government had no facilities to receive them until it received substantial help from the United States, France, and other countries. Some of the refugees were settled in the rice villages of the Mekong Delta and a few thousand were brought to the highlands of central Viet Nam; most of them, however, were herded together in refugee camps. The arrival of the refugees offered an opportunity for the long recommended but always postponed resettlement of families from the overcrowded north in the sparsely settled regions of southern Viet Nam. It also lent a new urgency to the need for breaking up the large estates and redistributing land in the south. The problem was to integrate the newcomers into the southern population. It was not the least of the problems confronting the Vietnamese Nationalist government, for the southern Vietnamese, although long since convinced of the unity of their country, had always regarded the northerner with a certain antagonism, which was the keener now that he came among them as a refugee. An American government report commented:

Already there is some friction. Southern Vietnamese are resentful that housing projects are being built for evacuees. In one province, southern Vietnamese simply moved into such a project before the refugees arrived for whom it was intended. It is of the utmost importance that the Northerners become self-supporting as quickly as possible but the people of the Center and South are afraid that refugees may step in and take away their jobs.

Actually, the . . . evacuees are a great asset to the south. Viet Nam is largely undeveloped—it does have great natural resources. Operation Exodus has brought new hands to the Center and South to till uncultivated land; new brains to find

¹⁸ *The Sunday Times* (London), April 24, 1955, also published in *New Republic* (Washington, D.C.), May 9, 1955.

means to develop the country and increase production. The [American] Mission can assist the Vietnamese government in seeing that the evacuees utilize their potentiality—not in competition with their southern compatriots, but to raise the standard of living for all free Vietnamese.¹⁹

In contrast to this long-term official American optimism were the cruel immediate realities of the situation. Deploring the plight of the Catholic refugees, Graham Greene wrote:

The majority live in crowded tents on the white sun-bleached roadside, often many miles from water, and with the savage sun making an inferno under the canvas from ten to four. . . . Sometimes a political priest has told them: "God and the Virgin have gone South, only the devil remains in the North. Do they ask whether God is still on His travels when the Commissariat forgets them for a day or two, or the supply lorries break down, and they have no rice or flour? And do they wonder sometimes where God will go next, if Ho Chi Minh comes south, and will they be able to leave with Him?"

Catholics, especially the Catholics of France, have contributed generously to their support, and this aid is perhaps more appreciated than the aid from the United States, for it does not ask anything in return. It is difficult to feel so grateful when a gift is permanently stamped with the name of the donor. This is not the unobtrusive, spontaneous act of charity to which the poor are accustomed; the tents, the chicken coops, the packages of rations bearing the badge of American aid demand a kind of payment—cooperation in the cold war.

This irritates them more than the maladroitness of some American gifts . . .

By the time Haiphong is closed in May—the last port of escape—perhaps a million potential voters will have moved south. There is land for all, but there will not be land in time, and under the present condition of disillusionment would they even vote the right way? Already incidents are occurring along the road to Dalat, where the refugees are strung out in waterless camps: a bus burnt, with its conductor, a French officer, who accidentally ran down a refugee, murdered. These refugees are strangers and they are growing restless and suspicious, and there are only fifteen months to go.²⁰

In these troubled and uncertain times, it was surely of vital importance to spare no effort to minimize the latent antagonism between northerner and southerner, but the Diem government was blind to this need. Instead, it sharpened the antagonism, as it sharpened the popular awareness of religious differences, by drawing on refugee elements for strength against its Nationalist critics in the south, notably by organizing a militia made up of northern Catholics.

In the months that followed the Geneva Conference a new political activity appeared in southern Viet Nam. To the superficial observer it seemed

¹⁹ U.S. FOA Mission, *Exodus, Report on a Voluntary Flight for Freedom* (Saigon, October 1954). Reprinted in *Department of State Bulletin*, February 7, 1955.

²⁰ *The Sunday Times*, May 1, 1955.

to increase the impression of general anarchy. This, however, was something quite different, not a further evidence of disunity but rather the stirring of important sectors of the population which, being primarily nationalistic, had been silent during the war years, unwilling to undertake political action at a time when the French were still in control of the country. With peace and international recognition of their independence they felt free to act for the first time, to build up a government of their own choosing, not one that was imposed on them from the outside. They were disappointed and disturbed by the failure of the Diem government to rally the people around it, but they lacked an assembly and political parties, the right to hold meetings freely and to have a free press—in other words, all of the ordinary channels of popular government—through which to bring pressure on the government for change. Their only alternative was to single out one man to speak for them. It was therefore not surprising that in the fall and winter of 1954-55 soundings by Vietnamese and foreign journalists reported that the man with the greatest popularity in southern Viet Nam was not one of the politicians who had been in the limelight in the past or who were presently in office, but Buu Hoi, who was prominent not only for intransigent nationalism but also for the active role he had played in the struggle against French colonial rule during the Nationalist phase of the Viet Minh war.

Buu Hoi's political influence had long been overlooked in favor of his activity as a scientist of international fame, but the very fact of his international reputation enhanced his standing among his own people, who respected him as a disinterested scholar above the political mêlée, a phenomenon not uncommon among newly born nations, and one which made Paderewski president of the Polish Republic after the first World War and caused Weizmann to become the first president of Israel. When in August 1954 Buu Hoi returned to Viet Nam on a visit from Paris, he was greeted, local newspapers reported, as a national hero.²¹ And in the months that followed, his name was put forward by the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao, by labor groups and by army leaders.²²

²¹ See, for example, *Saigon Moi*, August 24, 1954; *Than Chung*, August 20, 1954; and *Vietnam Presse*, August 23, 1954.

²² At a time when the southern Vietnamese press was not only heavily censored but partly shut down by the Diem government, Buu Hoi wrote an article in the French journal, *L'Express* (November 6, 1954). He used his personal prestige in an attempt to do what government leaders had so far failed to do, to summon the war-weary people of southern Viet Nam to action and unity at a time when they had been deserted by their Western allies and defeated by the Viet Minh, to encourage them to stand on their own feet. He outlined a program whereby southern Viet Nam by peaceful means could strengthen itself against Communist infiltration and find for itself its proper place in Southeast Asia from which the French, like other European powers in their Southeast Asian colonies, had tried to isolate it. Buu Hoi called for a "government of national solidarity," uniting the various sects and political groups in the south (his idea was to promote political life inside each sect in order to facilitate their integration into the nation once they had terminated their feudal role), for political education for the people, for the institution

It was unfortunate that this crystallization of popular sentiment was not properly understood either by the Diem government or by American policy-makers. Important as individual personalities might be in the chaotic conditions of southern Viet Nam, even more important were certain political imperatives—the necessity of adapting policy to public opinion, of trying to reconcile opposing interests among anti-Communist elements, of broadening the base of the government until it could in truth speak for the people of southern Viet Nam and not merely declare that it did. In other words, to unite the south it was essential to understand and make use of the political process which must be at the root of all government that is not based simply on force (and in the southern Vietnamese government force was the one element which was almost entirely lacking). Ngo Dinh Diem, however, made no secret of his contempt for politics; a member of the long since discredited mandarinat, he had little knowledge of the political process and seemed to be under the influence of a handful of self-interested political amateurs without any influence among the people (prominent among them Tran Van Chuong, who acquired French citizenship during the French colonial period, then associated himself with Bao Dai and collaborated with the Japanese during the occupation, turned back to the French after their return, and later, with the Diem government, turned toward the Americans), who in the short time left to them expected to get their political education at the expense of the United States, and of their fellow countrymen.

The directing influence assumed by the United States in the political life of southern Viet Nam was already evident in the weeks immediately following the Geneva Conference. Anxious to halt the Communist advance in Southeast Asia by halting the Viet Minh at the seventeenth parallel, Washington decided on a policy of all-out aid to and collaboration with the Nationalist government. Inevitably this decision has the effect of pushing French policy-makers to a back seat in southern Viet Nam, not only because of the well-known anti-French and professedly pro-American sentiments of Ngo Dinh Diem but also because the Geneva accords meant different things to France than to the United States.

The French had signed an agreement with the Viet Minh at Geneva guaranteeing the various provisions of the armistice including the holding of national elections in 1956. Thus the French, who were in the process of liquidating their interests in Viet Nam, had acquired a series of obligations toward the Hanoi regime to which they had to reconcile their long-time responsibilities toward the Bao Dai government. The United States, however,

of far-reaching economic and social reforms, for the development of foreign trade "through which the volume of assistance given by our French and American allies can eventually be reduced," and for strong ties not only with the United States and France but also with the Asian powers of the Colombo group.

had no obligations to the Viet Minh whatsoever. Washington was in a somewhat anomalous position: it had assumed political leadership in the Nationalist zone while relying for the maintenance of order and the defense of the south nominally on the Vietnamese national army but actually on the French expeditionary corps, the major military force south of the seventeenth parallel; it was under the command of General Paul Ely (as was also the Vietnamese army), who in 1954 had been named French Commissioner General. Franco-American collaboration could be close, and, in fact, General Ely was on friendly terms with American authorities in Saigon even at a time when the latter were sharply criticizing other French officials, accusing them of obstructionism and vestiges of colonialism. But the fact remained that the American and the French were committed to playing different roles in Viet Nam. The major interest of the United States was in supplementing its economic aid program with a new active policy of building up the Nationalist government by all possible means. The French, on the other hand, were at the tail end of a policy which had led them to defeat; above all, they were determined not to associate themselves with any action which might lead to a recrudescence of the Vietnamese war.

This should not be taken to mean that the French Government was not desirous of seeing an effective Nationalist regime in the south. It is true that Paris did not share Washington's view as to how such a regime could be achieved—it certainly did not share the official American enthusiasm for Ngo Dinh Diem—but neither did many informed observers. Indochina, however, was not the only issue on which the Mendès-France government and the United States did not agree; confronted by the need to give way on something, the French Premier chose to do so on Viet Nam. This decision would seem to have been made during Mendès-France's trip to Washington in November 1954, prior to which it was announced that American financial assistance for the support of the armies of the Associated States would be given directly to southern Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia rather than through the intermediary of the French.²³ The French Government did not terminate its aid program to southern Viet Nam, although it allocated about twice as many billion francs in its budget for Cambodia as for southern Viet Nam.²⁴ But it was

²³ *Department of State Bulletin*, October 11, 1954, p. 534. This change actually was effected as of January 1, 1955. Economic assistance to the Associated States, as distinct from this financial assistance, was already going directly to the Associated States.

²⁴ "The budget allocations for the current year are relatively small: 3.9 billion francs for Cambodia, one billion francs for Laos and 2 billion for Viet Nam, together with 100 million for 'international aid and unforeseen requirements.' The true scale of French economic aid is revealed in the item headed '*autorisation des programmes*,' which calls for a French contribution of 20 billion francs for the year 1955-56. Of this, 11.2 billion will go to Cambodia, 2.8 million to Laos and 5.5 billion to southern Viet Nam, with a margin of 500 million for 'unforeseen requirements.'" *The Economist*, January 1, 1955, pp. 19-20.

clear enough that, economically as well as politically, leadership in southern Viet Nam had passed from Paris to Washington.²⁵

However much American officials may have wished to regard southern Viet Nam as independent, the fact and the promise of substantial American aid to the Nationalist regime gave them such influence that in the fall of 1954 it was the United States, not the Vietnamese people, who decided that Ngo Dinh Diem would continue to be Prime Minister of southern Viet Nam. The Americans were understandably bewildered by the diversity of the opposition to Diem, adversely impressed by the anti-Communist sects, and uncomprehending of a public opinion which could exist even though it had been deprived of all the conventional democratic organs of expression. The suspicions of normally astute American politicians and officials, whose most available Vietnamese informants were associated with the Diem regime either in Saigon or in Washington, did not seem to be aroused by the rather remarkable coincidence that all of Diem's more articulate critics were variously described to them as being pro-French, pro-Communist, unpopular, and corrupt. On the other hand, the Americans were favorably impressed by the purity of Diem's Nationalist sentiments, his personal austerity and incorruptibility, his articulate pro-Americanism, and his anti-Communism. Some of them apparently did not fully realize that these qualities in themselves did not prevent the existence of widespread corruption and gross inefficiency in his regime, nor that Diem, by the fall of 1954, had failed to win much popular confidence.

With the Vietnamese press censored and controlled to a degree that it had not been even under the French, no politically acceptable means existed of making known the unpopularity of the government. All that was left to the population was either fatalistic acceptance of the idea that one day soon they would have to live under the Viet Minh whether they liked it or not; a rather guileless trust that the United States would manage to save them from the Communists no matter what the Vietnamese government did; or resort to violence. Failing to comprehend this widespread state of popular frustration and anxious at all costs to establish non-Communist order in the south while there was still time to do so, American officials were naturally unsympathetic

²⁵ On March 9, 1955 the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration announced that for the current fiscal year the American program of economic and technical assistance for the Associated States would reach \$100 million. Of this amount \$45 million was for "Operation Exodus," the evacuation and resettlement of refugees from northern Viet Nam, and \$55 million, directed at strengthening the economies of the three Associated States, was allocated for improving agriculture, education, health and sanitation, public administration and public information services, and developing transport and communication facilities and industrial and natural resources. American aid was given to Indochina under a variety of headings, including, it was reported, \$200 million for the training and equipment of the Vietnamese army. An additional \$100 million was provided for the support of the French Expeditionary Corps in Indochina.

toward the groups and individuals who reverted to direct action. It was more convenient to regard such actions merely as isolated bids for power, rather than to accept the disturbing implications of the fact that the various challenges directed against the regime, whatever the personal motives of the men involved, might actually be a fair reflection of the prevailing dissatisfaction.

In the fall of 1954 it was General Nguyen Van Hinh, Chief of Staff of the Vietnamese army, who rose against Diem. Strong American pressure was brought to bear on Hinh who was given to understand that American aid would be withdrawn from Viet Nam if the government were overthrown. For a brief time it seemed that General Hinh might take things into his own hands and try to set up a more popular regime, but the General was no revolutionary. Although he talked freely about making a coup d'état, he wanted someone to authorize him to go ahead, and turned to Bao Dai for permission. Not surprisingly, he did not receive it. Hinh was sent to France, then dismissed from his post by Bao Dai himself.

Accusing Diem of resorting to assassinations and corruption in an attempt to impose personal leadership on the Vietnamese army, Hinh also declared:

To the Communist system we must oppose on our side a clear, precise and simple system. At present this system does not exist, it is limited to the personality of the Chief of Government who has no link with the masses, but it is the masses who count. . . . Mr. Diem, who has been absent from Viet Nam for too long, returned to us with the point of a view of a mandarin, with ideas either twenty years out of date or imported directly from abroad. I am the first to recognize his perfect honesty which gives him all of his prestige in the eyes of the Americans. But if he takes nothing for himself, he always considers corruption as the best means of government and he distributes jobs among his family. He has no popular support except for a section of the Catholics (but not all of them) and people from the north . . .²⁶

The Prime Minister won a personal victory with Hinh's dismissal, but the accusations Hinh had levied against him remained unanswered. The American Government, however, was less impressed by the criticisms of a Vietnamese general than by the report of an American senator, Mike Mansfield, who returned from a trip to Viet Nam to recommend that only if Ngo Dinh Diem remained in power should American economic aid continue to be sent to southern Viet Nam. This recommendation became official American policy in November 1954 when General J. Lawton Collins arrived in Indochina as Special Envoy with the rank of ambassador to replace Ambassador Donald Heath. General Collins said:

I have come to Viet Nam to bring every possible aid to the government of [Ngo Dinh] Diem and to his government only. It is the legal government in Viet Nam,

²⁶ *France-Soir*, November 27, 1954.

and the aid which the United States will lend it ought to permit the government to save the country.²⁷

In effect, the American Government thereby served notice that it did not intend to act as an arbiter between the government and the groups and individuals which opposed it. Instead, it gave to the Diem government a blank check, bolstering the latter's already dangerous indifference to public opinion. Diem became even more unpopular as the impression grew among Vietnamese that he was finding in the American Embassy in Saigon and in the State Department the support which he could not find among his own people.

Under the protecting wing of the United States, the Diem government set about reorganizing the army, outlining a program of land reform, and drawing up plans to summon a national assembly, commendable measures in themselves but, under the circumstances, devoid of political reality. Thus the army, it was announced after extended Vietnamese-American discussions, would be 100,000 strong (with 150,000 reserves), large enough to police its territory but without any unrealistic pretensions to undertaking operations against Viet Minh troops; and although under the nominal command of General Ely, it was to be American-trained.

Land reform, which had been promised to the south by every Bao Dai government since 1949, and which Nguyen Van Tam had decreed in 1953 (allocating for this purpose funds, to be lent to the peasants to enable them to buy their land, amounting to only a fraction of what was actually needed), was again placed on the statute books by the Diem government. Its aim was to counteract the appeal of the Viet Minh land reform propaganda—an appeal which was strong among the landless peasants who worked the large estates and plantations of the south and the small tenant farmers burdened with high rents and oppressive usury rates. The slowness of the Diem government to take any positive action on agrarian reform was criticized by a French Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry which, returning from Indochina in November 1954, noted

the excessive prudence, which . . . seems to have a disturbing political significance, with which [the Vietnamese government] has gone about distributing cultivable land among refugees who were without work. . . . Agrarian reform, which has been promised so often, does not seem close to realization.²⁸

In January 1955 the government announced drastic reductions in land rentals which were to be no less than 15 percent of the value of the principal annual crop and no more than 25 percent, amounting to a reduction of as much as 50 percent in some cases. It was announced that contracts would be for five

²⁷ *New York Times*, November 18, 1954.

²⁸ *Le Monde*, March 12, 1955.

years, renewable for another five, after which the tenant would acquire ownership of the land if he had kept up with the payments.

The government also declared that it would do what its predecessors had similarly promised but failed to carry out—it would establish a national assembly, appointed partly by indirect elections, partly by governmental nomination. Critics of the regime were quick to point out that the same limitations on universal suffrage which were necessary to keep Viet Minh agents out of the assembly could and doubtless would also be utilized by the government to exclude all Nationalist opposition elements. On April 23, 1955, Ngo Dinh Diem astounded Vietnamese and foreign opinion by announcing that elections would be held by universal suffrage in three or four months. But it was difficult to take this seriously. Diem by then was under attack on all sides and his announcement could only be interpreted as a demagogic gesture which, if permitted to be implemented, would wreck the Nationalist regime in the south.

These various measures were all envisaged within a political vacuum; and so long as the government of southern Viet Nam was neither popular nor efficient, it seemed obvious that the Viet Minh would fill that vacuum. Thus a prominent Nationalist, when asked his opinion of the proposed indirect elections, said: "It's all a matter of administration. It depends on who controls the countryside." And he gave as an example an episode which had recently occurred on a large plantation in the south where one of the workers, who had attacked a woman, was arrested by an official of the Diem government. When a deputation of workers came to ask for the release of the prisoner, they were told that the man had to be tried and sentenced, but they were insistent. "Release him and we will try him," they said. The official complied and the secret Viet Minh court which operated on the plantation tried the man, found him guilty, and executed him.

It was clearly not in Saigon that the real battle against the Viet Minh could be won. The Diem government drew up detailed plans for a "civic action" organization to reach down through the provinces and districts and operate on the village level, but it seemed that "civic action," which was headed by Tran Trung Dung, had not advanced much beyond the level of paper work. Writing in the spring of 1955, eight months after Geneva, Joseph Alsop reported:

Go to his office in the Norodom Palace to hear about the "civic action" that is supposed to drive the Communist cadres from southern Indochina's 3,600 villages. Tran Trung Dung talks enthusiastically about the special civic operation staged with American help in the former Viet Minh bastion in the plain of Camau.

He also exhibits a special table of organization of civic action, extending all the way from his own office in the Norodom Palace down to the workers in the villages where the real problem lies. But ask Tran Trung Dung how much of this table of organization as yet really exists.

He replies with a wry smile: "Alas, there have been budgetary difficulties and differences among the ministries. Except for the special group in the Camau, there is only me. I am all the civic action there is as yet."

This kind of experience which leaves one wondering whether to laugh or cry is fairly common in Saigon at the moment. Certain positive gestures have been made, such as Premier Diem's land reform proclamation. American aid has been flowing out. There have been isolated successes. . . . But the Diem government has failed utterly thus far to control or even to establish contact with the vast majority of the villages that form the vital base of southern Viet Nam.

The Communists, meanwhile, are working hard and effectively in the same villages. . . . In several of the southern provinces, too, the new land reform commissions have actually encountered a token resistance in the villages they seek to aid. The village leaders explain apologetically that the Viet Minh have ordered non-cooperation, and they want their record to be clean when the Viet Minh takes over later on.

Estimates of the dimensions of the problem vary rather widely, to be sure. If you ask the Americans here [in Saigon,] they tell you that outside the feudal domains of the military religious sects, anywhere from 50 to 70 per cent of the southern Indochinese villages are subject to Viet Minh influence or control. French experts give still higher percentages, between 60 and 90.²⁹

This state of affairs could not be permitted to go on unchallenged. Early in 1955 the sects rose in open revolt against Ngo Dinh Diem. The immediate causes of their rising were eminently practical: it was their answer to Diem's attempt to integrate their troops into the national army and to take over control of the Saigon police from the Binh Xuyen, which would have ended the privileged position of the sects in the country. Their break with Diem followed a tragicomic interlude during which spokesmen of the regime, abetted by well-meaning American publicists, had announced a series of so-called political triumphs as various elements among the sects seemed to be coming to terms with Ngo Dinh Diem. The Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai had already had representatives in the government, and Trinh Minh The had ceremoniously brought his several thousand Cao Dai troops into Saigon professedly to work with Diem. The Binh Xuyen surrendered its gambling monopoly. A Hoa Hao general replied favorably to Diem's overtures. However, all of this was far more a matter of finances than of politics. The French had ceased to pay the sects and therefore some of the sect leaders had turned toward Ngo Dinh Diem and the substantial dollar aid which had been put at his disposal by the United States.

The use of American aid money to buy political support was merely a repetition of the American experience with the Chiang Kai-shek regime in China, for which the United States is still paying a heavy price. It was the same method—directed at the same groups—which the French had already

²⁹ *New York Herald Tribune*, March 1, 1955.

used with such a marked lack of success in southern Viet Nam. This time, too, it failed. Allied together in a loosely knit national front (from which at different times various groups temporarily defected), the sects issued a series of ultimata to Diem, culminating in a demand that he step down from the government.

As even some American officials began to have doubts of the wisdom of continuing to base American policy on the tottering governmental structure established by Diem, there were those who demanded why the Vietnamese people did not speak up for themselves to say what they wanted their government to be. Most of the means of popular expression had already been destroyed by the colonial regime, however, and Diem had immobilized the few that were left. As a result, the sects found themselves in what was for them a most unusual role; they were acting not only in defense of their own privileges but also on behalf of public opinion when they demanded the creation of a new, more popular government that could establish conditions of national unity.

In April 1955 a clash between Binh Xuyen forces and those of the national army, which was halted by French and, subsequently, also American intervention, brought southern Viet Nam to the verge of civil war. A Nationalist government spokesman argued, with a totally unrealistic overestimation of the government's strength and underestimation of its adversaries, which by then had become a trademark of the Diem regime:

There is no real danger of civil war. The Binh Xuyen . . . are not followed by the other sects which would be glad to see them destroyed. . . . The sects are incapable of creating a *maquis* because they do not have the support of the population which detests them. The only way to end the crisis is by force, and the opposition of the French and the Americans is incomprehensible to us.

A Binh Xuyen spokesman, however, insisted that the national front of the sects was as united as ever, which would not have been surprising at a time when they believed that they were close to victory, and declared:

Diem is getting weaker every day. The army does not follow him and all his ministers are abandoning him. Bao Dai is encouraging us to hold out until the liquidation of the Prime Minister. The French are now entirely on our side and the Americans are changing their attitude. If Diem starts a battle, he will only fall that much sooner and his own safety will be threatened.³⁰

It was true that American officials, who at first had been highly critical of French moves to stop the Vietnamese army from fighting, did seem adversely impressed by the readiness of the Prime Minister to take action which might develop into a small war. Any outbreak of fighting would play into the hands of the Viet Minh. And in view of the poor state of morale of the

³⁰ *Le Monde*, April 20, 1955.

Vietnamese army, its leaders could not even give Diem any assurances of ultimate victory. Bao Dai sent urgent appeals from the Riviera for an armistice as the sects appealed to him for support, and he promised that a solution to the crisis would soon be reached; discussion went on to that end in Cannes, Paris, and Washington, as well as Saigon.³¹

With less reason than ever to be hopeful about the outcome of the national elections scheduled for 1956, many people in Washington and Saigon hoped that it might be possible to postpone those elections indefinitely. It would not be difficult to prove that civil liberties and the general atmosphere of freedom specified at Geneva as a prerequisite to elections did not exist in northern Viet Nam (even in southern Viet Nam, under Ngo Dinh Diem, there would be certain though much lesser grounds for complaint on this score). But putting off the elections would raise a very serious risk of war with the Viet Minh and it is still an open question as to whether the powers who at Manila, in September 1954, finally joined the United States in establishing a Southeast Asia Defence Treaty Organization (SEATO), would see fit to intervene on such an issue. If, as seems likely, the Viet Minh were to operate through internal subversion, it would be difficult for any foreign power to intervene against it at all.

The heritage of the Geneva Conference weighed heavily on all of Indochina. The three Associated States were saddled with a series of agreements which could not be enforced without raising new and grave problems for their war-weary people. While the political fabric of southern Viet Nam crumbled and the fear of national elections, which would be no elections at all but a Communist-organized legal seizure of the country, hung over the land, Laos had its own difficulties with the Communists. Despite the announcement in October 1954 by the Pathet Lao leader, Souphanouvong, that his forces were ready to co-operate with the royal government to realize the unification of Laos, no such co-operation had materialized. The two northern provinces which had been given to Pathet Lao at Geneva refused to accept the authority of the central administration, and Communist infiltration spread into other areas of sparsely settled Laos. At the Bandung Conference

³¹ Since this account was written, Ngo Dinh Diem declared war first on the Binh Xuyen, which the Vietnamese army succeeded in expelling from Saigon, and then on the Hoa Hao. The Cao Dai, as usual, was divided among itself. One faction, which favored making use of Diem before discarding him, was active in establishing a Revolutionary Committee which, though nominally declaring its support of Diem and demanding the deposition of Bao Dai (who tried belatedly to assert his authority over the Nationalist government), was actually a potential competitor of the Prime Minister for power. Trinh Minh The, the most dynamic member of the committee, was killed under mysterious circumstances during the fighting in Saigon. The other faction of the Cao Dai, headed by the pope, Pham Cong Tac, favored immediate opposition to Diem.

Diem's victory over the sects was more superficial than real and recalled the period of the Viet Minh war when relative peace prevailed in the big cities under French control while the rest of the country was left in a continuing state of rebellion.

in April 1955, the Viet Minh promised the Laotians that it would take measures to check this infiltration. Laos was so unimportant politically and so undefendable that conceivably it might be possible to take the realistic Communists at their word.

In Cambodia, King Norodom Sihanouk pursued his own independent course. Emerging from a post-Geneva referendum with his policies endorsed and his popularity confirmed by the Cambodian people, Sihanouk found himself under American pressure to take advantage of the clause in the Geneva accord which authorized Cambodia to accept foreign military aid if the country regarded itself as threatened. Sihanouk, however, apparently felt that there was no immediate danger confronting Cambodia and that the country would find greater security in friendship with India and the Colombo bloc, with which it was racially and culturally linked, than in an "activist" American military policy. It was largely because of this clash between his concept of Cambodian foreign policy and the American idea of security rather than, as reported, because of a controversy with the tripartite international commission regarding scheduled national elections that Sihanouk suddenly abdicated in favor of his father. The new king assumed office on March 3 as Norodom Suramarit and his son went off on a visit to India. When he returned, he set up his own political party, which rallied wide popular support. In view of the precarious situation of southern Viet Nam, he seemed to feel that there was little profit and much danger in a close association with the United States. Instead, the ex-monarch, now Prince Sihanouk, who had many friends in Washington, preferred a more neutralist position and at Bandung he reaffirmed the desire of Cambodia to align itself with the Colombo powers. His actions, in their own way, were as rude a shock for American policy-makers as the near collapse of southern Viet Nam.

In Viet Nam, as long as the country remains divided, the need will continue for a strong regime in the south that can hold out the promise of one day unifying the country under democratic leaders. The experience of the United States with Ngo Dinh Diem has demonstrated the importance of using the American presence in the south to encourage unity around a specific program of action, rather than identifying American policies with any single individual whoever he may be. Least of all has the United States any interest in encouraging among the Vietnamese a sterile anti-French policy, which at the present time would be meaningless. Nor should one be misled by appearances. The most effective opponents of Communism are not necessarily the men who most loudly announce themselves to be such. And the most desirable friends for the United States are not those Vietnamese who are attracted to it merely as a convenient source of military and economic power but rather those who succeed in establishing an efficient and stable regime which, if it is to be popular among its own people, will have to be independent of

the United States as well as of France, while at the same time welcoming economic aid from the West.

The people of southern Viet Nam can be neither bribed nor intimidated to join forces with the West against the Communists, but they certainly would do so if they were permitted, through the achievement of political unity in conditions of freedom, to enjoy the liberties which they cannot have under Communism. It would be well not to underestimate the ability of the Vietnamese to govern himself and to fight for what he believes in—if he is given something in which to believe by his own independent leaders.



ONE OF THE ASPECTS of *American life* which observers in Europe and even more in Asia have difficulty in comprehending is the place we accord the intellectual in our society. In many countries the intellectuals constitute the one influential, ruling elite, and consequently it is not always easy for strangers to make sense out of the peculiar circumstances of the intellectual in American life.

Actually, we ourselves are not always clear about who the American intellectual is, or what he should be doing, or even if he exists. We do not even have a recognizable ideal for our intellectuals: Should they be urbane and learned, like Lord Acton? Or perhaps engagé, like Sartre and Malraux? Who, after all, is the American intellectual? Whittaker Chambers? Adlai Stevenson? Roy Cohn?

As a modest step toward clarification, The Pacific Spectator has planned a series on the *Plight of the American Intellectual*, which begins in this issue with essays by Eugene Burdick, Russell Kirk, and J. D. Koerner. These initial contributions will be followed in later issues by others from many other points of view.

In this fashion we hope to provide fresh glimpses of the American intellectual and, through our differing evaluations of him, to stir up new and constructive controversy.

Robert C. North

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THE ESTRANGEMENT OF THE AMERICAN INTELLECTUAL

by Eugene Burdick

THE intellectual in America is estranged. The fact has been remarked by persons as various as De Tocqueville, Simone de Beauvoir, and Geoffrey Gorer. From what the American intellectual is estranged and to what he is attracted are not so clear. But I, at least, shall not dispute the fact of estrangement.

The Reece Committee recently reported that the minds and souls of the American people were delivered to Communism by our intellectuals. This estimate of the power of the intellectual is surely a minority view. Almost everyone else has deplored the intellectual's ineffectiveness, his divorce from reality and the pleasure he takes from his separation, his abstractness, his apolitical mind. He has been attacked for the narrowness of his research, the softness of his mind, the puerility of his books, and his flight from responsibility. Only occasionally has he received such masculine tributes as Winston Churchill's epithet "bloody-minded." More often he is seen as a person who detests the status quo, but whose failure of nerve prohibits him from shaping the future. His nonconformity is postured, precise, orthodox, and narrow.

The American intellectual, of course, does not submit to any easy portrait. He is as plural and complex as the intellectual of France or Madras. In Manhattan he may be nattily dressed and glow brightly in the cosmic system of Henry Luce. In San Francisco he may be at one of the universities or living the Bohemian life. In Santa Fe and Chicago he is different again. And, of course, even in identical environments he will be different people. Something is gained by putting all of the portraits together and teasing out a montage—even if the montage is contradictory, dissolving, implau-

sible, and lacking in black and white. Even a blurred image may show us something of the original figure.

There are also compelling reasons why the picture of the American intellectual should be taken by Americans. For one thing, the impressions taken by Europeans are inevitably developed in gentle acid: the picture may be sharp and clear, but it is always partial and one-dimensional.

There is something else that is disconcerting about the image of the American intellectual that is caught by foreigners. The problem is simply this: How could so thin and negative an intellectual atmosphere be so enormously attractive to so many European intellectuals? European intellectuals have migrated to the United States in what must surely be one of the most widespread movements of intellectual talent in the world's history. Part of the immigration can be explained simply: refugees from Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy were fleeing liquidation—they may or may not have been attracted by something else. But how does one account for the seductiveness of America for the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Norwegian? Isherwood, Huxley, Auden, Spender fled nothing: they were attracted to something. And people caught in the awful pressure of attraction-revulsion are not always the best judge of reality.

It is, first of all, depressingly apparent that American intellectuals do not possess the simple confidence and unanimity that marked, or once marked, the European intellectual. Our intellectuals do not, like Thomas Mann, believe that the intellectual must bear the full weight of moral responsibility for the entire community. Mann could feel deeply that the coming of the dictator in Germany was due to the deficiencies in German intellectuals. No American intellectual feels responsible for the New Deal . . . whether he approves or deplors it.

Much more, the American intellectual feels marginal, obliquely involved, critical rather than centrally creative in the social life of the nation. The intellectual like Malraux or Strachey who attempts to stand astride political life is unknown in America. The New England aristocracy did, for a period, mix political and intellectual

leadership, but that period has passed. The American intellectual has a sense of beleagueredness, of harassment, of isolation . . . and there is no blinking the fact that he finds this feeling delicious. He takes his very isolation as a mark of fidelity and courage. His barricades are usually defensive; he rarely sallies forth from behind them.

Here an aspect of American life should be remarked. American culture is still unsettled and emergent and, as a result, American life is more crude, harsh, arrogant, punitive, and plural than life in older cultures. The tragic despair felt by such people as F. O. Matthiessen and Sinclair Lewis is a result not of deliberate *harassment* by the culture, but rather of *estrangement* from the culture.

Somewhere in the midst of the nineteenth century there was an economic and material explosion in America, the repercussions of which are not stilled yet. New fortunes are still being created or grabbed or discovered in oil, production, distribution, and pure finance. Classes are still not rigid in America; millionaires still fall the immeasurable distance to Skid Row, and a surprising number of raw people climb, at last, onto the final plateau of success and respectability. As Durkheim prophesied in his hauntingly lucid phrase, such people often disintegrate quickly under the awful weight of "the empty space above them." Unprepared for their victory, lacking a tradition of learning, erudition, and intellectual responsibility, the "new successuls" not only are unwilling to take up intellectual pursuits, but in many cases strike out at the intellectuals as part of the environment which seems to deny them satisfaction. David Riesman has mourned the death of the New England aristocracy for precisely this reason: that its death opened the door to a wealthy primitivism that little values freedom or ideas. Great wealth and intellectual rigor are today seldom found in the same person in America.

C. Wright Mills has pointed out that American intellectuals are mostly of middle-class origin. Sensitive to status and prestige, they gravitate to the universities and the intellectual centers. At the same time the sons of big wealth, often well educated at Eastern universities, are attracted to the rewards of a business career. The types

often pass one another: the white-shoe, well-educated, sophisticated Eastern boy on his way to the business jungle of Chicago or Des Moines; the crude, ambitious, poorly educated boy from a big, cheap Midwestern university on his way to Cambridge or Manhattan and a professorship or an "intellectual" job. When they meet again each has been honed smooth in a role and each plays it well, but there is no question of which has the more prestige and the greater security . . . it is the white-shoe boy, now black-shoed and corporate-wise.

One result is that the intellectual is seldom active in party politics, high government councils, or economic affairs. The line between what is practical and what is intellectual is sharply drawn . . . but, as we hope to show in this series, it is not as sharp as it once was.

There is another way to put this. America is one of the few genuinely pluralistic societies in the world. Power, of all sorts, is split up among many groups, each of which tends to generate its own intellectuals. For example, psychoanalysis has its intellectuals and its practitioners; *Fortune* magazine is the intellectual hub for the business world; even the university, in which one might suppose everyone was an intellectual, has its two distinct groups . . . one the intellectuals, the other the practitioners of arts, sciences, techniques, information.

In France, Britain, India, Indonesia . . . almost everywhere . . . this is not the case. The dominant group is dominant in almost everything: in taste, political choices, style, writing of books. In such societies the task of the intellectual is enormously simplified; there he can do what Mann desires. He can work away at the advancing fringes, he can prod the Great Beast to look at the future, he can form taste. He can do this with the enormous assurance that what he does is relevant and meaningful, that it has a fair chance of becoming the popular choice of the future.

But in America there is no such group. The oil-rich primitive of Texas may well endow a splendid university; he may even give it independence and true liberty. But he will not mingle with the enterprise; he is not a part of it.

In such a pluralistic society some strange things have developed. A recent brilliant study by Samuel Stouffer indicated one aspect of the change. Stouffer points out that the elite groups of almost every mass organization in America have a high regard for civil liberties, for the condition of freedom. Thus, for example, the Regents of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Commanders of American Legion posts rank high on the scale of liberality on civil liberties issues. But their followers are found close to the bottom. This is a more startling and significant finding than is apparent at first glance. It demonstrates that mass organizations in America do not have the monolithic quality that we often ascribe to them. Within such groups as the DAR the reactionary and totalitarian tendencies of the rank and file are kept subdued and restrained by a group of skillful leaders. The resolutions and maneuvers of the DAR, which from a superficial point of view look ominous and dangerous, may actually be designed to subdue a much more virulent set of attitudes than we are yet aware of.

Stouffer's findings suggest an inescapable fact: that the traditional task of the intellectual is in America taken over by corps of elites who are "practical" and who "grew up in the organization." Such elite groups, whose ideology is surprisingly close to that of the liberal intellectuals, know most shrewdly how to tame and influence their organizations. And at once the intellectual is deprived of a task, a function, an audience for whom he might be meaningful, and his position becomes correspondingly more ineffective.

One result of this tendency is clear. The only place the intellectual has autonomy, the only place in which his claim to power is unquestioned, is the university. The groves of academe have something of a fortress aspect about them; they are the last retreat of the intellectual. He has fled to them from politics, business, the field of taste, popular literature. He has a sense of beleagueredness . . . but often he has fled indifference as much as active opposition.

Nestled in the university, the intellectual has developed his sense of oppression, restraint, and unpopularity in a quite artificial manner. It is easier to imagine oneself oppressed than to face the fact that one has lost a function. The wounds that the academic in-

tellectual nurses are more often inflicted by his lack of self-esteem than by the real blows of the Philistines.

Now this is one way of looking at the plight of the intellectual in America. It is not a wholly true picture; it has defects and distortions. But it has the advantage of pointing up an unexpected and neglected consequence of the development of a truly pluralistic society: the decline in prestige of those agencies and individuals that traditionally have had an overview of society, the unifiers, the generalists—in short, the intellectuals.

In a sense, the intellectuals themselves have been partly responsible for this decline. No society is able to exist without some ideas, institutions, or agencies that bind the whole society together, but intellectuals have been especially sensitive to the *lack* of "community" in America. One result has been the growth of what can be called "the anomie school" outlook—the belief that American society is essentially atomized, chaotic, and demoralized. Erich Fromm, Sebastian de Grazia, and Franz Alexander are the more conspicuous names in a group that is legion.

In recent years, however, the anomie theory has been exposed to some unsettling second thoughts. On a brutally pragmatic basis it is clear that American society does have some bonds, some basis for community, some means of integrating the individual. Beneath the harsh and tossing surface of American life there do seem to be powerful currents of unanimity and high morale, the elements of a growing sense of well-being.

The bonds of community are being explicated very slowly. David Riesman, it is true, argues that America has two personality types that are in sharp opposition. The inner-directed type is puritanical, principled, internally motivated. The other-directed type is a glad-hander, an inside-dopester, dependent on the group for support. But, in the end, it is apparent that there is a sort of symbiotic balance between the two types; they strengthen one another at the same moment that they tense against one another.

What I should like to emphasize, however, is that slowly, in diverse fields, in strange ways, the American intellectual is coming back to the older notion of the intellectual—a generalizer, a synthe-

sizer, but also a seeker after the new, the marginal, the emergent. He is doing his work in new ways, with new tools and techniques, and with new enthusiasm. Not all American intellectuals are engaged in the enterprise . . . but some are.

It is doubtful that America will ever have a group of intellectuals who dominate both the policy decisions and the scholarly life of the country. It would seem that this is one of the prices that one pays for a pluralistic society. Also it is a consequence, apparently, of the pluralistic society that each of the powerful subgroups generates its own intellectuals. That these intellectuals are narrow, often prejudiced, lacking in maturity, and quite oblivious to the general requirements of the society is not denied. But that they deal in ideas is beyond dispute. And the evidence is increasing that between all of these truncated and partial "intellectuals" something like overall balance is achieved.

Two contemporary and superficial factors have also contributed to the ambiguity of the American intellectual's position: the Communist conspiracy and anti-intellectualism.

The reaction of the American public to Communism has been radical and widespread. In some areas it has clearly been excessive. But we are here concerned with only one part of that reaction: the deep and general feeling that intellectuals were especially culpable. Why has the Communist scare brought such a sharp sense of dissociation between intellectuals and the general public? Why have so many intellectuals, sensing the threat, scrambled for aseptic positions of anti-Communism, often at the expense of intellectual dignity and decency?

There is more to the picture than the simple cowardice or timidity of professors and the ballooning of suspicion against intellectuals. It is difficult for the foreigner to realize how innocent was the public upon whom the Hiss, Rosenberg, Fuchs, and May cases burst. It was quite possible for a British worker to know a Communist in his plant—even charming rural areas in the Cotswolds had their local Communist. Communism was, in such circumstances, less dread and appalling; largely because it was more familiar.

Communism in America is a much different thing. Ernst and

Loth in their study of American Communists observe that "Most of the Communists occupy positions which do not call for any work with their hands." The American Communist is seldom a manual worker; more often he is a professional man or a white-collar worker. He is generally found in the great cities; he is, in large part, foreign-born, almost certainly so if he is a top leader. He is seldom a Negro. Ernst and Loth conclude that although the Communist may not fit any stereotype, the stereotype of a "long-haired intellectual who lives in a world of books and talk but never did an honest day's work with his hands" is closest to reality.

The conclusion is hard to draw, but it must be drawn. Clearly the American public in its crude coalescence of intellectual and Communist was close to a crude truth. Its perception of Communist personnel was not entirely inaccurate. Its perception of the threat and menace and real capabilities of domestic Communism was, however, most inaccurate. It mistook a small, manageable, and dangerous movement for a large, unmanageable, and dangerous movement. Most seriously, however, the public came to identify the intellectual as a person possessing great power and inclined to use that power suspiciously if not subversively. One of our contributors will enlarge on this idea.

The anti-intellectualism of America is more subtle and complex, partly because its roots are deeper. Anti-intellectualism in America is not new; it is merely more public and intense than before.

It is difficult to emphasize how little words, ideas, notions, thought are valued in America . . . and how greatly objects, position, influence are valued. Some years ago Beard, Weber, Tawney, Veblen, and others underscored the materialist orientation of Americans; that their observations are still accurate, contemporary research indicates all too clearly. Americans still distrust words, still are suspicious of pure idea. Alienation in America today consists of being cut off from the actionist, masculine, object-oriented, creative part of the society. The feeling of powerlessness which Fromm and Horney have described so eloquently is really the consequence of isolation from money-power, from creativity of physical objects.

Proof is difficult here, but one cannot but be struck by the eager-

ness of American intellectuals to link their work with "practical," "hard-headed," "tough-minded" consequences. The historians who trace out the rise of the successful corporation or the powerful military unit; the sociologists working for RAND; the psychologists working on military strategy; the anthropologists who give careful attention to the character of a successful industrial society . . . all of these people have, to some degree, accepted the notion that their ultimate worth depends on their relevance to a healthy economic life.

The majestic and undeniable success of technique, of materialism, of physical ingenuity has forced the American to conclude that pure idea (as opposed to applied, or money-making, ideas) is either secondary or unnecessary.

There is, however, a change occurring in America. There is a slow, but growing, realization that the manipulation of the physical environment does not solve all problems—indeed, that it may generate more problems than it solves. There is also a growing suspicion that a government policy founded exclusively on techniques is doomed to failure of some sort . . . and perhaps failure of a very basic kind.

The outlook is still far from hopeful. The intellectual is half-stupefied by fears he has created and half-intimidated by real and objective repression; that he may shiver deliciously in his isolation does not make the situation less tragic. At the same time there is a spectrum of problems . . . ranging from atomic physics to African sociology . . . which are increasingly critical for mere existence and which can only be solved by intellectuals. Some awful economic law would be violated if need and talent were not, eventually, brought together. How, and under what circumstances, they will be joined we hope this series will suggest.

THE AMERICAN INTELLECTUAL: A CONSERVATIVE VIEW

by Russell Kirk

NOT long ago someone wrote to Bertrand Russell inquiring after his definition of an intellectual. Lord Russell replied most forthrightly:

"I have never called myself an intellectual, and nobody has ever dared to call me one in my presence.

"I think an intellectual may be defined as a person who pretends to have more intellect than he has, and I hope that this definition does not fit me."

Now Lord Russell, being well acquainted with the signification of words, spoke with some authority on the modern usage of the word intellectual. The word has had rather an interesting history. In the seventeenth century, it was indeed employed as a noun, chiefly to describe a person who holds that all knowledge is derived from pure reason; it had even then a denigratory implication. The more common term for this concept was "intellectualist." Bacon writes critically, in the *Advancement of Learning*, of the intellectualist as an abstract metaphysician: "Upon these intellectualists, which are, notwithstanding, commonly taken for the most sublime and divine philosophers, Heraclitus gave a just censure." Bishop Parker remarks how "These pure and seraphic intellectualists forsooth despise all sensible knowledge as too grosse and materiall for their nice and curious faculties." Hume demolished the eighteenth-century intellectuals, or intellectualists, who took Reason for their guide to the whole nature of man; they were the *a priori* reasoners, upon the model of Locke; he does not employ the word intellectual, however. Coleridge—who also did not use the word—attacked the eighteenth-century intellectuals as devotees of the mere Understand-

ing, "the mere reflective faculty," as distinguished from the Reason, or organ of the supersensuous.

As a noun descriptive of persons, "intellectual" scarcely appeared at all in nineteenth-century dictionaries. So far as the term was employed, it meant the "sophisters and calculators" whom Burke had denounced, the abstract *philosophes*; it was a category despised equally, though for different reasons, by Romantics and Utilitarians. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the word retains a disparaging connotation. It was closely linked with an unimaginative secularism: Newman called the heritors of Locke "the Knowledge School, [which] does not contemplate raising man above himself; it merely aims at disposing of his existing powers and tastes, as is most convenient, or is practicable under circumstances." All in all, intellectual meant what Bacon meant by it, a person who overrates the understanding. By implication, an intellectual neglected the imagination, the power of wonder and awe, and the whole great realm of being which is beyond mere rational perception.

Fairly early in the twentieth century, however, a group of persons began to describe themselves as intellectuals. Throughout the nineteenth century, a man no more would have thought of calling himself an intellectual than a woman would have thought of calling herself a bluestocking. The words used to describe persons possessed of what Burke called "a liberal understanding" were varied, and none of them was wholly satisfactory: scholar, bookman, philosopher, university man. Coleridge coined a new word to describe the teachers and preceptors of society, including the clergy and the lay scholars: the *clerisy*. A principal reason why no one word adequately described such a class of persons was that, in most of Europe and America, and particularly in Britain and the United States, intellectuality was not the particular property of any class or order. A banker, like Grote, might possess the liberal understanding; or a clergyman, like Dean Church; or a politician, like Disraeli or Franklin Pierce; or a judge, like De Tocqueville or Chancellor Kent; or a wine merchant's son, like Ruskin; or an engraver and printer, like Blake. Thus it was reserved to the twentieth century to try to make "intellectual" a distinct term of commendation.

The current employment of the word appears to be derived from the jargon of Marxism. It is directly linked with the notion of a body of educated and highly rational persons bitterly opposed to established social institutions—outcasts in a sense, men who go out to the Cave of Adullam, deracinated (uprooted, rootless, radical) folk, what Gissing calls “the unclassed.” *Les intellectuels* was the term of contempt employed by the factions of the Right during the Dreyfus controversy to describe the café-revolutionaries, the men who had broken with tradition, the enemies of patriotism, order, and the wisdom of the ages. It implied an opposition between the life of the mind and the life of society—or, at least, an inimicality between “advanced social thinkers” and the possessors of property and power. In the definition of the twentieth-century dictionaries, an intellectual was “a person of a class or group professing or supposed to possess enlightened judgment with respect to public or political questions.” The link with social and political action is significant of the aims and the limitations of the twentieth-century intellectuals. A “liberal understanding” in Burke’s sense, Newman’s “liberal education,” the world of contemplation and silence, was not what they were after: they wanted to mold society nearer to their hearts’ desire, not to adhere to traditional humanism by improving private mind and character.

The Marxists seem to have been the first body of “intellectuals” to call themselves just that. In their sense, “intellectuals” was the Anglicized form of the Russian *intelligentsiya*, now often simply translated as “intelligentsia.” In nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russia, the *intelligentsiya* were the emancipated and revolutionary body of educated or half-educated people, university students and graduates, who felt that the old Russia was hopelessly reactionary and mindless—and that, indeed, it held no place for them. They considered themselves enemies of established society, opposed both to convention and to the state, self-liberated from prejudice and prescription. In all charity, it must be said that though often they thought of themselves as emancipated, a good many of them were merely unbuttoned. Out of this *intelligentsiya* came the Nihilists—and, in the fullness of time, the Narodniks and the Mensheviks and

the Bolsheviks. This curious class, a kind of intellectual proletariat, is described by Dostoievski in its earlier stages; Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* examines these people, too, particularly through the character of Razumov—who, though reacting against the emancipated *intelligentsiya*, cannot free himself from their temper and society. The *intelligentsiya* were displaced persons, schooled beyond their proper expectations in life, severed from tradition but unable to find satisfactory niches in the modern world.

An intelligentsia of this description increased rapidly in numbers throughout much of Europe in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and began to be a force in all sorts of odd corners of the world; its lineaments may be discerned now in nearly every Latin-American state, and in India, Indonesia, and even the modern towns of Africa. It never has attained to corresponding influence in the English-speaking states, in part because of the tradition of liberal learning there (closely joined to the old humanistic disciplines and the concept of free and dignified personality in all walks of life), in part because representative government and social mobility have provided safety valves. Professor Albert Salomon, in his *Tyranny of Progress*, has described the less happy situation of the educated classes in the Continent, the “intellectuals”:

With the growing rationalization of the publishing industry, the intellectual without private income lay at the mercy of the businessman. The gentleman-authors—the *grand seigneurs*, Montaigne, Lord Shaftesbury, Montesquieu, and Baron Holbach—could afford to be philosophers, but the free-lance writer found that there was no place for serious work. Instead, the demands of the uneducated grew louder and more insistent and created authors of entertainment, of pornography, and of horror stories. These writers, separated from any form of *Kulturtraeger* and living on their wits alone, learned by the beginning of the eighteenth century to prefer each other's company to that of a hostile world. They created, so to speak, their own life-pattern, for they had become a class of white-collar intellectuals who kept alive by meeting the demands of their publishers and whose spare time was taken up with more serious efforts. If it is permissible to speak of a literary stratification of society, these intellectuals were a new social group, a cadre, whose center was not the court, nor the Church, but the coffeehouse.*

* *The Tyranny of Progress: Reflections on the Origins of Sociology* (New York: Noonday Press, 1955).

Very different was the role of men of liberal understanding during the same period in Britain. One need only think of Hume, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and even Crabbe to realize how easily and successfully the enterprising talents of English society, the young men of letters and political aspiration, fitted into the spirit of the age, well received by the possessors of property and power, and often well rewarded. Grub Street did not create a band of revolutionaries. And it was the English attitude toward the role of the gentleman-scholar, the man of liberal understanding, the clerisy, which became the American attitude. The thinking man was welcome; there was room for him; he did not need to turn society inside out in order to find his place.

What Dr. Salomon calls the "coffeehouse intellectual," then, so subversive an influence in the Continent, represented no real threat to things established in the English-speaking states. Pitt and Liverpool might find it prudent to keep an eye on the radical journalist and pamphleteer; but as the mob was Tory, so were the great majority of scholars and writers. Burke, when he exposed the designs of Dr. Price and the "constitution societies," found the clergy—dissenting or Anglican—actually more radical than Grub Street was. Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, scarcely were seedbeds of revolt; nor were there any Trotskys in the newspaper office and the publisher's string of writers. The English radical much more commonly came from a great landed family or from the prosperous middle class, like Robert Owen, William Morris, and Ruskin. Café-society (in the French or German sense, not the gossip-column signification) did not dominate the realm of scholarship and authorship and political speculation in Britain and America. "Mr. Trotsky of the Central Café," in Vienna, could walk into the street and make a revolution; but he had no Anglo-Saxon counterpart. Revolutionary Bohemianism, as Dr. Salomon describes it, remained always ridiculous in Britain and America:

Ideally, coffeehouse intellectuals are bohemians—that special brand of learned men who have not submitted to the rules of social and professional careers which the society around them takes for granted. Above all, they

are men who are utterly indifferent to the sources of their income. Whether they are married or not, their responsibilities may be sloughed off, and they do not care to pursue the organized channels of literary or academic advancement. It is the beauty of the café that one can sit there all day and all night, surrounded by poets, astronomers, military tacticians, revolutionaries, card-players, and philologists, and never be touched at all, for the coffeehouse offers a genuine guarantee against reality. It is the only spacial zone where talk constitutes truth, where giant plans and blueprints, utopian dreams, and anarchist plots may be assumed to have taken place without one's ever leaving one's seat.*

Until very recent years, London and New York—let alone Manchester or Philadelphia—knew very little of this atmosphere. The scholar and the writer were not alienated men. Not until the 1920's, in Britain and America, was there any talk of the treason of the intellectuals (clerks): and that is because the word intellectual was seldom employed, for lack of any distinct class to which it might be attached. Only as Britain and America lost their comparative isolation from European ideology, and only as there began to grow up in these nations a body of persons educated beyond their expectations in life, opposed to established social institutions, did the word intellectual obtain currency and the place of the intellectual in English and American society begin to be argued about. And it still remains true, as Lord Russell's sardonic remark suggests, that not many people in these nations want to be called intellectuals—and that some of the most intelligent and best-educated Englishmen and Americans are most hostile to what, in my books, I have called "defecated intellectuality." Burke could imagine nothing more wicked than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician—that is, presumptuous rationality, the cult of Reason, divorced from religion, tradition, honor, and duties. This remained almost the universal Anglo-American attitude until recent years, and it is still predominant in the United States, even among the truly educated.

Emerson did not write about the "American intellectual"; he wrote of the American scholar; indeed, he disliked the concept of

* *Ibid.*

"a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul," a body of persons claiming to speak exclusively for the intellect, and for the intellect only. The aversion to defecated intellectuality may be observed not only among our statesmen—Washington, John Adams, Webster, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt—but among our men of letters and speculation: take Hawthorne, Melville, Lowell, Henry Adams, and George Santayana, to speak almost at random. Some of our nineteenth-century writers and critics remarked sadly upon the deficiency of contemplation and the higher imagination in America, but they did not aspire to set up the "intellectuals" as a distinct caste. Had not the New England farmer who read good books as much a right to be considered an intellectual being as any coffee-house Bohemian? Was Calhoun, reading in his solitary way at Fort Hill, any less a thinking man than an Amherst professor? Who was the "intellectual"—Clarence King or William Graham Sumner? Schooling was easily enough available to almost anyone that wanted it; the domination of higher education in America by church-founded colleges tended to prevent any opposition between tradition and intellectuality; while popular government made it difficult for the intellectually alienated man to maintain that he was kept under by some iron political domination. Thus we heard next to nothing about "the role of the intellectual," as a distinct role, until the alteration of American character and the triumph of urbanization, within this century, brought to the United States conditions in some degree analogous to those of Europe.

I have suggested above that the concept of the intellectual is closely joined to class antagonism and radical political alteration. The thinking man in America generally has not spoken of himself as a member of a distinct order precisely because class has been so amorphous in this country. He was not excluded by the nobility or the Church or the central bureaucracy: there existed no nobility, and no Church or bureaucracy in the European sense, to exclude him. He may have been lonely, but he was not oppressed; if he felt himself neglected or almost friendless, still he attributed his condition to the ancient preoccupation of the mass of men with material ends, not to organized obscurantism in high places. Only when a doc-

trinaire hostility toward "capitalism," traditional religion, and established political forms began to make itself felt in America, particularly with the growing influence of Marxism and other European ideologies in the 1920's and the vague discontents of the Depression, did a number of educated Americans commence to call themselves intellectuals.

So the American intellectuals were identified from the first with a political and social movement loosely called Liberalism—very different in some respects from the English liberalism it thought it emulated, and ranging all the way from a mild secularism to outspoken sympathy with Communist Russia. Very often it was linked, philosophically, with Pragmatism, and with various experimental undertakings in education and practical morality. It tended very rapidly to become an ideology, as Mr. David Riesman and others have suggested recently, with its secular dogmas and its slogans. I recall a letter written by a woman to *Commonweal* some years ago, expostulating against what she considered the deviationist views of a contributor to that weekly: "I assume that Mr. J—— is a liberal." She took it for granted that anyone who could write for publication necessarily must be a liberal; intellectuality and liberalism, to her mind, were synonymous. (Mr. J——, incidentally, certainly would not have called himself a liberal.)

This identification extends to much more exalted regions: Mr. Lionel Trilling and Mr. William J. Newman have stated that they use the terms "liberal" and "intellectual" almost synonymously. The "progressive" assumption in America (with some justification, during the 'twenties and 'thirties) has been that if a man thinks, he must vote for liberal candidates. Nor has this assumption been confined to simon-pure liberals: Mr. Clinton Rossiter, for instance, writing in *Commentary* some months ago, referred to certain American scholars as "self-styled conservative intellectuals." The implication was that to be at once a conservative and an intellectual a man must be—to say the least—very extraordinary. Now Mr. Rossiter is himself a leading American conservative scholar; but apparently he found it prudent to affect an Olympian detachment, lest he touch pitch and be defiled, when writing for a London magazine;

in any event, so far as I know, none of the gentlemen he mentioned ever has styled himself a "conservative intellectual," though they all are real conservatives, and they all respect the works of the mind. Thus everything conspires—often quite innocently—to establish a liberal cartel over thinking and writing. An English critic, Mr. Marcus Cunliffe, touches upon this phenomenon (*Commentary*, May 1955); the *avant-garde* intellectual, he writes, has sought solidarity in different ways:

Its members were still learning their lines, still a displaced group seeking to define their position. From self-consciousness to social-consciousness was an obvious transition. Walt Whitman said that his "great word" was *solidarity*. Though by no means all American intellectuals accepted Communism, it supplied some of them with the missing sense of solidarity. Marxism explained themselves to themselves, comprehensively: they were the *intelligentsia*, all was predicted, including their desertion. Marxism took the place of their lost faith in America as America: a faith that had, they felt, become the prerogative of chauvinist organizations like the American Legion. And Marxism ministered to their old belief in social equality. Seceders, some of them, from the comfortable sections of society, they identified themselves with the working class. Once more, with its usual anti-intellectual ambience, "reality" was invoked. The worker's life was "real": that of the mere high-brow was "sterile."

One may add that there were reasons for this desertion of many educated Americans to ideology. The disquietude of reflective persons in a country apparently given over to getting and spending; the condition of the underpaid professor or teacher in an acquisitive environment; the decay of the old American respect for learning—a decay which seemed actually to grow more alarming in direct ratio to the ease with which high-school diplomas and college degrees were obtained, on the principle that whatever is cheap is correspondingly little valued—all these influences tended to produce an alienation of the scholar and the writer from established American society. "Intellectuals" appeared in America when the works of the mind began to lose ground in public esteem.

Probably I have made it clear that I am fond neither of the word intellectual nor of the concept. And I am hostile toward the identification of learning with "liberal" ideology. But if by "intellectual"

(however unsuitable that word may be, historically) is meant the thinking man, the philosopher, the true scholar, the person who believes that the life of the mind is more important than the acquisitive instinct, then I am all in favor of the intellectual. My point is that I do not like to see the scholar, the member of the clerisy, consider himself a rootless Bohemian, an enemy of tradition, a revolutionary, a participant in a Jacobin elite. I do not like to see him fall victim to ideology; for ideology is inimical to real intellectual attainment. I do not want to see him range himself against the American people, or against our social and economic and political institutions: for the ensuing struggle would be disastrous to both the intellectual and the nation, and probably would be decided against the intellectual. I do not like to see the American scholar and bookman and intelligent man of action forced into the mold cast, say, by *Partisan Review*. When Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in *Rude Assignment*, defends the "intellectual" in the cant usage of that word (and Mr. Lewis is well aware that the strict usage is something else), I am quite on his side: "If you, for the purpose of belittling him, affix the term 'intellectual' (or more familiarly, 'highbrow') to any man of conspicuous intelligence, or whose standards notoriously are not those of the market-place, then there is such a thing only in your stupid mind, or on your foolish lips." I believe we need a great deal more intelligence in America; and if by "intellectual" is meant the man of liberal understanding, who gives to both mind and heart their due, then I am a friend to intellectuals.

It is, then, a case of serious misunderstanding—and perhaps of deliberate misunderstanding—when Mr. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., writing in *The Reporter*, declares that I am devoted to vexing "all those who can read without moving their lips." To the intellectual as a rootless Bohemian, an alienated man, a Jacobin, a presumptuous innovator, a person who makes excessive claims for defecated rationality without allowing any place for tradition and moral worth, I am profoundly opposed. But to the real works of the mind, elevated power of intellect, the scholar, the philosopher, the bookman, the clerisy, the union of reason with humility and duty, I am dedicated. It is because I do not want the thinking American to sink into the

condition of a political ideologue that I venture to criticize the drift of the American intellectual.

Mr. Leslie Fiedler, in *An End to Innocence*, repeatedly remarks how badly American intellectuals erred during the past two decades, and suggests that they need now to move in a different direction. Mr. David Riesman has some valuable observations to the same effect. Our intellectuals, he says, "need to be defended, not attacked, if they are to succor their 'nerve of failure.'" This is quite true. Yet I feel that the role which Mr. Riesman himself has in mind for the intellectual is far from satisfactory. An experimenter in morals and in "consumption," an "autonomous man" cut off from tradition and religion, a species of dilettante who prides himself on being different, for no particular reason, and with no particular duties—this, after all, is not so very much better than naïve adherence to ideology, though possibly less dangerous.

In this age of conformity, boredom, and standardization, when Things are in the saddle and the triumph of technology threatens to suppress the truly human person, we in America require real intellectual power and virtue more than ever before, and with them a high degree of intellectual freedom and integrity—the qualities and conditions of a genuine clerisy. But I do not believe anything of the sort can be had from an "intelligentsia," a rootless class after the European model. I do not believe that the reflective and conscientious American ought to convert himself into an "intellectual" in the strict meaning of that word. He ought to value the works of the mind; he ought to do his duty as an intellectual leader; but he ought to remember that in such a society as ours, the restriction of intellectuality to a Brahmin caste may be disastrous. And the assumption of a monopoly of intellectuality, without justifiable claims to any such empire, is sure to be disastrous to the educated man who sets himself perversely against tradition and the established rights of society.

THE MELANCHOLY ROAD TO KRONSTADT

by J. D. Koerner

AMONG the main currents of American thought during the last few decades, one of the most neglected has been the impact of Communism on the intellectuals—a subject that has somehow gone a-begging in the midst of plenty. It is important because it extends itself through these intellectuals into their work: in literature, in politics, in economics. There are, to be sure, an astonishing number of books on Communism in general and its infinite ramifications; and, under the aegis of such worthy organizations as the Russian Research Center at Harvard University, more such books are coming out every month. But as yet there has been no full-dress scholarly, responsible effort to explore the road to Communism and back which so many American intellectuals have taken.*

Part of the reason for this neglect has undoubtedly been the scarcity of firsthand material with which to work, i.e., confessions or autobiographical accounts of the ex-Communists themselves. This scarcity, however, no longer exists; the ten years since the Second World War have been replete with sensational exposures by American ex-Communists of both themselves and others who had not yet renounced the Bolshevik utopia.

In October of 1945, after a decade of highly influential work in the Communist party of the United States, Louis Budenz suddenly announced to the nation his defection from Communism. Two years later he published his first book on his Communist experience and thus gave us the first important postwar confession, *This Is My Story*. The American literature of ex-Communism has been growing ever since. In 1949 came the confessional anthology, *The God that Failed*, made up of the Communist reminiscences of six well-known European and American intellectuals. Then the chain reaction set

* The author is happy to note that there has recently been at least one book which examines the subject of Communism and the intellectuals: Murray Kempton's *Part of Our Time*, an incisive, and rather personal, discussion of American Communism and the non-Communist Left in the 1930's.

off by Elizabeth Bentley in 1947 resulted, directly or indirectly, in three important confessions: Miss Bentley's own *Out of Bondage* (1951), Hede Massing's *This Deception* (1951), and Whittaker Chambers' celebrated *Witness* (1952). And most recently we have had Granville Hicks's *Where We Came Out* (1954) and Bella Dodd's *School of Darkness* (1954).

These books, together with such prewar volumes as Fred Beal's *Proletarian Journey* (1937) and Benjamin Gitlow's *I Confess* (1940), are the core of ex-Communist writings in America, but by no means the sum. Budenz alone has written four books on his Communist experience. Gitlow, Beal, and Hicks have all written others; and there have been a number of quasi-confessional works of fiction. But the books named above, combined with the myriad statements of minor ex-Communists appearing in magazines and newspapers (mostly since the late 1930's), are the raw material from which an image of the intellectuals' experience with Communism in America might be fashioned. It is a book-length subject, of course, and we can do little more here than make an exploratory foray into it; but even that yields some interesting and enlightening suggestions about the most important political phenomenon of the twentieth century.

Defections from the cause have always been an intrinsic part of revolutionary movements, especially whenever the insurgent government has managed to survive for any length of time. And this is at least part of the reason that the Bolshevik revolution has given us so many. As Louis Fischer pointed out in *The God that Failed*, serious Bolshevik defections began as early as the Kronstadt rebellion in 1921.

Kronstadt, to look at this symbolic occurrence for a moment, was the strategic naval port near the Finland border, and traditionally the seat of conspiratorial movements in the Russian military. The Kronstadt forces had fought on the Bolshevik side in the October Revolution and considered themselves good Communists; but by 1921 they had grown dissatisfied with the turn the revolution was taking and with Trotsky's police methods. The Kronstadt Soviet drew up a resolution embodying its complaints and demanding, among other things, that freedom of speech, press, and assembly be

granted the peasants. Trotsky chose to regard the event as a mutiny and dispatched General Tukhachevsky (later liquidated) with a substantial force of picked men to put down the rebellion.

The general's forces, to whom Trotsky had given the order "Shoot them like partridges," spent about ten days bombarding the fortress which the Kronstadters had taken possession of, and ultimately captured it in a night attack. They then indulged themselves in the kind of butchery that has characterized Soviet history ever since. About 18,000 sailors and workers were killed, most of them needlessly, by Tukhachevsky and later by the Cheka. It was this massacre of former allies that caused the first significant wave of disillusion among the party and its sympathizers, although there were no defections in the newly formed Communist party of America.

Fischer himself remained a sympathizer—his Kronstadt did not come for many years. American Communists in general remained amazingly immune to Bolshevik barbarities until the Second World War. The Communist's Kronstadt, it seems, is invariably found only at the end of a long and melancholy road. It never comes suddenly as the result of some isolated tactic or policy of the party; if such a tactic or policy figures at all, it is as a precipitating incident, the climax to a growing dissatisfaction with Communism as a whole. The Bolsheviks, beginning with the Kronstadt killings, have always supplied a good many precipitating incidents.

In any discussion of ex-Communists, certain questions at once suggest themselves: (1) Why did they join in the first place? (2) Why did they stay? (3) Why did they quit? (4) How are they treated on their return? Obviously no experience as intensely emotional as the Communist one, shot through with vaguely defined ideals and confused motives, can answer such questions precisely or categorically; but, without pretending to absolute knowledge, and within the space available to us, we can still gain a certain insight into the whole subject through the ex-Communists' writings.

Although the immediate reasons for joining the party among the group we have mentioned are always private and various, the fundamental reasons are always similar. The pattern of acceptance in-

evitably contains the two dominant elements of idealism and despair: despair that ultimately reduces itself to the conviction that capitalism has run its course and is doomed to extinction; and idealism that reduces itself to the conviction that Communism offers the only disciplined, unified, and workable plan of action for the future. For Benjamin Gitlow, who came to Communism already possessed of an inherited sensitivity to the exploitation of labor, and with a long history in the confused and harassed American labor movement, the October Revolution seemed the beginning of the millennium. Thus the logical step from what he calls "revolutionary Socialism" was to join the Communist movement. Its appeal, especially after his experience with other chaotic and leaderless radical parties, lay primarily in its purposefulness, its ironclad plan, its alleged inevitability.

This appeal, which is always at the core of Communist proselytism, is better illustrated in Whittaker Chambers than in any other ex-Communist. Chambers, after a 1923 trip to Europe where he recoiled at the cultural and economic disintegration of postwar Germany, became convinced that the capitalistic West was a dying order. He turned to Communism for political surgery of the drastic and revolutionary kind it said was necessary. It offered more than the ephemeral theories and moral confusion that marked the West. It offered a plan—no standing around in chaos and no wringing of hands, but a concrete program that had been proved, it seemed, in action. It offered an explanation with no hedging of the crisis of history: *the* explanation and *the* answer. It required no very deep understanding of or interest in the dialectics of Marxism, for these make few Communists. "But," as Chambers puts it, "I have never known a Communist who was not acutely aware of the crisis of history whose solution he found in Communism's practical program, its vision and its faith."

During the Depression, the heyday of American Communism, which swelled the party ranks to unprecedented size and saw the recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States, it was this practical program, this vision, and this faith that lured many intellectuals to join the party or to travel along for the ride. Louis

Budenz, like Gitlow, joined out of his impatience with the pale program of gradual reform that Socialism had adopted; Elizabeth Bentley out of a personal despair and a need for something to give purposeful direction to her life; Budd Schulberg out of an awakened "social consciousness," a need to find an explanation for the Depression, a need for "something positive to believe in."

Granville Hicks is perhaps typical of the Depression intellectual turned Communist. Although his utopian odyssey was relatively short — four years — he points up rather well "the phenomenon known as the alienation of the intellectuals" that was so characteristic of the 1930's. More than anything else, Hicks joined the party out of an intellectual revolt (in the Veblen-Beard-Mencken tradition) from bourgeois American culture; out of a general dissatisfaction with the status quo, with the Babbitts, the materialism, the mediocre leadership of American life. The Communists offered him an explanation and a militant plan of action. Of the intellectuals, he says: "What impressed us about American Communists was their absolute devotion to a cause," and the fact that they had an absolute cause to be devoted to. John Dos Passos, Malcolm Cowley, Louis Fischer, and hundreds of other intellectuals who dabbled in Communism before the Second World War did so in pretty much the same way as Hicks and for the same reasons.

There were very personal and special reasons, of course, for many a conversion to Communism. Richard Wright, like most other members of his race who accepted Communism, did so almost instinctively: he was interested in it because it purported to be interested in him. The same is true of many foreign and minority groups. But for American intellectuals as a class, acceptance of Communism indicated above all a renunciation of capitalistic, bourgeois values, mixed with a hatred of Fascism (a hatred which the Popular Front of the 1930's was quick to exploit), and a response to the vision and faith, the historical omniscience, that Communism pretended to. Although we may deplore the intellectuals' gullibility, it is well to remind ourselves that both the renunciation and acceptance implied a strong, if somewhat muddled, awareness of social crisis; a fundamental, if misguided, idealism; and an honest, if wrong-headed, con-

viction that a new and better world could only be made out of the cataclysmic destruction of the old.

Did they share, then, common reasons for leaving the party? Fundamentally, their reasons for leaving were alike, although there is necessarily a whole complex of private and individual factors that finally led each person to the Great Renunciation. What they all had in common was a profound thirst for a return to the fountains of freedom and human decency. Whatever their particular reasons might be, they all arrived ultimately at a complete disillusion with the authoritarianism, the brutality, the utter inhumanity of Bolshevism.

It is true that some of them did not leave until they were forced to; both Gitlow and Wright were expelled from the party and sought for a long time (especially Gitlow) to remain in the movement. But for most American intellectuals, the defection was voluntary, the result of a long history of disillusion that was finally brought to the precipitation point by any one of a dozen acts or policies of the party. For Chambers, it was the great Purge of 1935-38. The decision to break came at the point when he realized that the systematic massacre of the Old Bolsheviks and of the best brains of the military (and of the thousands of others who went summarily to their deaths without even a show trial) was from the point of view of the "good" Communist "exactly right." As he puts it: "That was the horror of the great Purge — that acting as a Communist, Stalin had acted rightly. In that fact lay the evidence that Communism is absolutely evil."

For Louis Budenz, Kronstadt came only after a decade of active and important work in the party. He finally broke when he "could no longer evade the incontestable fact that the Soviet dictatorship was bent on world conquest by armed minority bands in each country, and could lead only to world slavery." For Granville Hicks, the break came when he realized that the American party was only the tool of the Kremlin, that it had no authority of its own to do anything. When the Soviet-Nazi pact came along in 1939 and dealt the American party a resounding blow in the stomach, Hicks mar-

veled at the hypocrisy with which it immediately recovered—and decided that he had had enough. With others, the break came for these immediate reasons or a variety of others, but always as the culmination of a long period of growing disillusion and a deep yearning for a return to the community of free men.

As the ex-Communists discovered, one by one, and often slowly, there is no substitute, no substitute at all, for freedom. One cannot help being struck with the impassioned apostrophes to freedom that so many ex-Communists have voiced. And what is perhaps more important than his past record of totalitarian sympathies, is this rediscovery of the fact that the life of a free man is the only ideology worth living and dying for.

This idea may not come as news to most Americans, but it did to a great many people, a great many intelligent people, who were willing to sacrifice their most precious inheritance—temporarily, as they may have thought—to the false promise of a false Messiah. Consider, for example, any of the causes of major Communist defections: the rebellion at Kronstadt, the genocidal war against the kulaks, the enforced collectivization and man-made famine that killed a still unknown number of Russians, the expulsion and ensuing murder of Trotsky, the great Purge of 1935–38 that killed or exiled an unknown number of the most intelligent Communists in the country, the Soviet-Nazi pact, the knife-in-the-back war on Poland, the attack on Finland—the cold war. The list could be expanded, but its underlying motif is clear: ruthless unconcern for personal liberty. When the unconcern and the liberty could no longer be squared, it was the liberty to which the ex-Communists chose finally to return.

But an insistent question remains: Why didn't they quit sooner? Why did it take so long for light to dawn? To this question there is as yet no really satisfactory answer. Why, we are moved to ask, were not things as clear to Whittaker Chambers at the start of the great Purge in 1935, or in 1936 or the year after that, as they were at the bitter end in 1938? Why were not the true temper and designs of Communism as obvious to Budenz, especially with his long and

intimate contacts on the *Daily Worker*, in 1938 or '39 or '40 as they suddenly became in 1945? How did Hicks manage to accept the Purge and the other machinations of the party until the Soviet-Nazi pact suddenly opened his eyes?

Or take the case of Louis Fischer, who illustrates as well perhaps as anyone what Hicks calls the "faith-bound mind." Disillusionment came only with immense difficulty to Fischer. If it took people like Elizabeth Bentley and Louis Budenz a decade of active party work, it took Fischer, outside the party but with the constant advantage of firsthand observation in Moscow, much longer to decide that his Bolshevik god had indeed failed. He succeeded for years in his reporting in explaining away the murders of the GPU and such events as the famine, the exile of Trotsky, and the cult of Stalin as being, although a little unfortunate, merely, in his words, "sores on a healthy body."

In those years "Hope distorted judgment," and "Seeing did not interfere with believing." When the Purge began, after the murder of Kirov in 1934, and ultimately swept away such old idols as Zinoviev, Bukharin, and Kamenev, "I was sick at heart," Fischer says. "The Soviet State, doomed by theory to 'wither away,' had expanded into a cruel, overgrown Frankenstein." Yet he remained. At the juncture when he "sensed the oncoming night and knew that I no longer wished to live in the Soviet Union," the Spanish Civil War distracted his attention and again delayed his Kronstadt. By 1939 he was still in the pains of indecision, weighing the "pros and cons of Sovietism. The scales were precariously balanced. A feather would tip them against Russia. Now a ton was dropped on the anti-Soviet scale" in the shape of the Soviet-Nazi pact in August 1939. That was the final reversal, the ultimate treachery that even Fischer could not excuse, and so he brought an end to an enthusiasm that had lasted almost twenty years.

But all this only tells us what happened, not why it took so long to happen. Our question still remains. Nor can we satisfactorily answer it by saying, as ex-Communists have sometimes been reduced to saying, that what was obvious to most Americans at any given time simply wasn't so obvious to Communist intellectuals. To an

American reading their confessions from the historical vantage point of 1955, they seem to have been possessed of an incredible kind of political myopia, a constitutional inability to look the facts of Bolshevik life in the face. Their final reasons are all but impossible to isolate. With some, there was the feeling that methods, or "means," might ultimately contribute to altruistic ends; with some, the feeling, admittedly without a shred of objective evidence, that reform within the movement was possible; with some, the feeling that the democracies were so evil themselves that there was simply no reason to prefer them to Communism; and with some, the feeling of having compromised their lives forever, of having so separated themselves from democratic life as to have passed the point of no return. And then, of course, no faith which could command such complete devotion for so long a time could be exorcised overnight.

What is certain is that the road to Kronstadt was invariably long, a twisting road of many hairpin turns, a road that one took in a series of fits and starts, that one could even abandon on occasion for a new path full of frenzied activity and fresh promise—only to discover that it led back to the main road. The length of time that it took the ex-Communists to traverse the distance is perhaps not so important as the fact that they finally arrived at the right destination.

The European intellectual has taken much the same path from idealism to disenchantment to defection as his American counterpart. Stephen Spender, for example, finally rejected the same utilitarian concept of literature as Budd Schulberg; Arthur Koestler the same brutality of means as Chambers and Fischer; Ignazio Silone the same iron-fisted, Moscow-centered control of all Communist organizations as Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley. Other names can be added—Malraux, Gide, Jan Valtin, Alexander Weissberg, Freda Utey, Alexander Foote—all came to share a profound hatred of all things Communist and a renewed faith in the basic freedoms. Even the renegade Russians — General Krivitsky, Victor Kravchenko, Nora Murray, Igor Gouzenko, Alexandre Barmine—were only responding to the same fundamental yearnings. There is, as Chambers observed, "a scrap of soul" in every man, even the most devoted Bolshevik.

But, having returned to Western values, the American ex-Communist faces new problems (it is no secret that several of them have voiced disappointment with their reception). Generally ex-Communists are regarded, perhaps justifiably, with suspicion and some rancor. Moreover, many of them have become informers, and the informer's lot, whatever his motives, is seldom a happy one. For the ex-Communist's countrymen, nothing is easier than judgment from hindsight, nothing more difficult than keeping historical perspective. And in the end, despite the efforts of Americans to be fair, they are perhaps inclined to agree with Hicks's own statement: ". . . I know very well that I had no business being either innocent or a victim. Mistakes of judgment are exactly the kind of mistake for which an intellectual cannot be forgiven."

However that may be, it is clear that, regardless of the quality of the ex-Communist's political judgment, the chances are that he was and is, even as you and I, a person of considerable idealism and social sensitivity, to whom the brotherhood of man is still a meaningful phrase. This is not to say that ex-Communist writings are to be taken at their face value—we can be sure that they do not understate the case for their authors. How much, if any, they overstate it is another of the questions waiting to be answered.

Even such a brief survey as this reaffirms the conviction that the finest weapon of the West is not its armies, or its bombs, or its industries, but its freedom—the freedom that conditions the military and the technological, and every other institution with which the West confronts the modern world. The final statement of Benjamin Gitlow when he returned to that freedom in 1939 is worth remembering:

In our fanatical zeal for Bolshevism we forgot the lessons we learned from history. We forgot that man throughout the ages fought for the right to be a *free* man, for the right to communicate his ideas to his fellow man, and to express his opinions. We were ready to discard the liberties man has paid a very dear price to obtain for the blessings of dictatorship. Now we are able to see where this faith in dictatorship has brought us. Reaction rides on the totalitarian Juggernaut, which bears down upon the terror-stricken defenseless people, who, deprived of their liberties, must submit to their misfortunes in silence.

Violin

MILDRED WESTON

This is a pattern
Exquisitely planned
For the curving fingers
Of a framing hand.

Exquisitely planned
String and rosined hair
Shape the swelling note,
Edifice in air;

String and rosined hair,
Lengthened over space,
Aspire to their widest
Possible embrace.

Lengthened over space,
Fabric frail and thin
Animates the voice
Of the violin.

Fabric frail and thin—
Boundless in extent
When contriving grace
Fills the instrument.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED HEROES

by Charles A. Allen

THE Hemingway stories and novels are dominated by heroes who conduct a retreating battle with nature and the world's hostility. But they fight against their loss with pleasure, skill, and courage. The world of nature and humanity robs health, hope, and love, leaving in the end only *nada*, nothingness. Nothingness is opposed skillfully and zestfully with stoical integrity and courage, Hemingway's two chief themes.

This limited philosophy is not altogether satisfying, but even less satisfying is a tendency for Hemingway to mistake emotional immaturity for maturity. The "code" behavior of his stoical heroes and the motivation of the behavior are often a trifle suspect: to some degree anxiety would seem the motivation and "defense mechanism" the behavior. Both anxiety and defense are expressions of unconscious hostility.

Of course for Hemingway and his admirers the code is not defensive and the motivations are rationally and maturely rather than anxiously inspired.

Hemingway's stories usually emphasize conflict within the individual. Thus "Big Two-Hearted River" (1925) is, on the surface, a quiet, slow-paced narrative of a young man out trout fishing. Nick Adams leaves the train up in Michigan, unhurriedly tramps over a fire-burnt area, takes a nap under the pines, and arrives on time at his camp site beside the river. Methodically, he pitches camp and prepares food; he sleeps in the precise knowledge that he has earned his rest. The next day he expertly fishes the river until it enters a swamp. The swamp he will save until another time. This is the action. The conflict is, as in "A Way You'll Never Be" and "Now I Lay Me," Nick's struggle to hold an unnamed fear in check, to calm his nerves, to maintain his equilibrium before the threat of collapse. He does this through a series of rituals—preparing his food carefully, pitching his tent efficiently, catching his grasshoppers in the right way at the right time, handling his undersized trout with wet hands so as not to damage them. He believes that such

ritualistic gestures can prevent the recurrence of threatening memories and can heighten his awareness and enjoyment of the world about him. He is apparently fighting successfully, and one knows that he will win his fight when he decides not to enter the swamp. This climactic decision forcefully illuminates the humanistic theme of the story—the necessity for discipline, for skillful and pleasurable fighting against the enemy.

Structurally the story is impeccable. All of the elements of language, method, and meaning work in dramatic harmony. The cause of Nick's anxiety is never directly named. The author may well be, as both Carlos Baker and Philip Young suggest, hinting that Nick's trouble is rooted in the memory of the violence and destruction of war, such a memory, for example, as swerves the protagonist of "A Way You'll Never Be" to the brink of insanity, or the memory of such wounds as Frederic Henry of *A Farewell to Arms* and Colonel Cantwell of *Across the River and into the Trees* have experienced. Certainly the burnt town and surrounding country support the theory. But the genesis of the anxiety state is indefinite. The clear-running stream, the fragrant pine forest, the warm tent—all images that contrast sharply with the charred town and countryside—represent peace and serenity.

The anxiety and defense pattern is apparent in almost all of Hemingway's work, but perhaps anxiety as the invisible enemy is most clearly

defined in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," and defense most obvious in "Soldier's Home." An intense anxiety feeling afflicts the old waiter and the old customer in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" (1933). Of the two characters the focus is on the aging waiter. His sympathy and understanding for the customer are based on a recognition that he too is "someone who needs the café," who, having lost youth and confidence, needs cleanness and order and good light as a defense against the black night. "What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too."

Krebbs, a young American just returned from the trenches of Europe to the routine of his middle-class parents' home, is the protagonist of "Soldier's Home" (1925). He eats and sleeps with satisfaction, enjoys shooting pool, finds it pleasant to read about the war, and likes to watch the pretty girls. But he does not want to become involved with them or with his family. He simply wants to keep his life uncomplicated, to remain a spectator. He is, in brief, attempting to defend himself against his depressed insecurity by erecting an intellectual barrier of serene detachment. The story is superior to "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," largely because the author vividly dramatizes the genesis of Krebs's neurotic detachment. It is not the war experience but the hostile overprotectiveness of his mother

and the hostile rejection of his father which have driven him into his shell of apathy. This is the one story in which Hemingway most clearly and accurately estimates the meaning of frustration, anxiety, and defense, but even here one has the uncomfortable intimation that the author is placing too much weight on the rationality and reality of Krebs's defense rather than on his anxious and unrealistic motivations.

The conviction of *nada* suffered by the protagonists of these three stories is what the psychiatrist, I suspect, would define as depression anxiety. Such anxiety is at bottom a suspicion of one's own inadequacy, failure, worthlessness. It is an irrational, self-destructive feeling which has as its foundation the childhood fear that one is unwanted and unloved, a recognition that one's parents really consider one a little nuisance. It is a feeling that may lead to a yearning for escape from ordinary worldly concerns, to a seeking of an isolation such as Nick, Krebs, and the two old men attempt to build for themselves: a camouflaged desire to escape guilt feelings about one's parents. It may lead one in a long search for soothing rituals and the peace and serenity of clean, well-lighted places: a disguised need for respectable, loving parents, and a respectable and loving conscience.

Sanitation and ritual as hostile defenses against the anxious conviction of *nada* are evident in most of Hemingway's protagonists and in all his heroes. But before outlining in

more detail this evidence, I should like to note certain other emotional defenses which the Hemingway hero reveals, frequently to his dismay and chagrin.

Stoical integrity and courage verge on arrogant pride for Robert Wilson of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and Colonel Cantwell of *Across the River*. Both men are resplendent in their array of code virtues: efficient, quick-witted, well-mannered, compassionate, brave, they are a bit boastful of their virtue. Both are proud of their self-reliant professionalism; one is a big game hunter and the other a military man. Both are loyal to their hard-won standards and are contemptuously willing to break society's rules to preserve their own code. They are both willing to preach with an edgy abruptness their airtight philosophy, to condescendingly gather disciples—and to show signs of intolerant impatience and sarcastic "roughness" toward those who are incapable or undesirous of becoming converts. This tendency toward arrogance is not altogether lacking in a good many other heroes in Hemingway's stories and novels. Arrogance is one form of hostile insecurity.

Stoical integrity and courage collapse into brutality for the two Harrys of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and *To Have and Have Not*. In his effort to save his soul, the dying author in "The Snows" engages in a masochistic tongue-lashing of himself and a sadistic attack

on his loving but unloved wife. A recognition and acceptance of frailties does not demand brutality. In the novel, Harry Morgan's cold-blooded murders are inexcusable, code or no code. Both men might have been made endurable if they had been satirically interpreted as hostile.

Stoical integrity and courage threaten to break under the strain of emotional rebellion for heroes Jake Barnes of *The Sun Also Rises* and Frederic Henry of *A Farewell to Arms*. Emotional rebellion against one's biological fate and against society is a symptom of anxious immaturity. Like arrogance or sadism, rebellion against the world of nature and society is at bottom primarily an expression of ambivalent love and hatred for one's parents: an attempt to capture their attention and love and a need to offend and reject them. Society—the military, the nation, the “they”—“threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you,” complains Frederic Henry in the last chapter of *A Farewell to Arms*. “Or they killed you gratuitously like Aymo. Or gave you the syphilis like Rinaldo. But they kill you in the end. You could count on that.” This rhetorical “they” kills Catherine Barkley in childbirth, a “dirty trick,” as Catherine says and Frederic agrees. Jake Barnes also shows a degree of unrealistic sentimentalism about his emasculation; Nick Adams of *In Our Time* has a wretched time accepting the world's

inevitable; even Robert Jordan has not yet fully learned acceptance of man's fate. The reader—*this* reader, at least—does not relish such self-pity in the heroes.

Although Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley speak well of marriage, they are not handicapped without it—and without parents, church, and state. Everywhere they are suspicious of society's authority. “If they shot floorwalkers after a fire in the department store because they spoke with an accent they had always had, then certainly the floorwalkers would not be expected to return when the store opened again for business.” This metaphor pretty accurately sums up Frederic Henry's reservations not only about the Italian army but about all organized society. And so the heroes concoct their own standards.

But rituals and sanitation are the primary defenses against anxiety.

Rituals are potent weapons against a hostile world; and they give physical delight. Ritualized eating and drinking and love-making are as effective and pleasurable as Nick's trout fishing. As Frederic Henry passionately avows: “I was not made to think. I was made to eat. My God, yes. Eat and drink and sleep with Catherine.” Henry might also have added a list of sporting rituals: fishing, hunting, skiing, swimming, and the great art and death pageants of bullfighting and military campaigning. These are the physical rituals of the code, the outward show. They are often, too,

the emblem of the inward struggle against *nada*.

But the pleasurable ritual act, and the consequent spiritual pleasure, are defenses not only against *nada* but also against the socially unacceptable defenses of arrogance, brutality, and rebellion which sometimes victimize the heroes. The rituals have helped subdue these uglier defenses, and finally come near to dominating them. Obviously the struggle to build the code, to make it appear impregnable, has meant hard and often bitter toil.

An obsessive urge toward cleanliness, order, and light is common to most of the protagonists of Hemingway's short stories and to the admirable characters of all his longer works, fiction and nonfiction. Consider for a moment the places in which the heroes dwell.

The bright, clear Gulf Stream is the home of Harry Morgan of *To Have and Have Not* and of Santiago of *The Old Man and the Sea*. Sunny days, piney woods, and long vistas of uncontaminated landscape are the setting of *The Sun Also Rises* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The spaces in *A Farewell to Arms* and *Across the River* are not so wide and sparsely inhabited, but Milan, a center of action in the earlier novel, is an open friendly place; and Venice is the most beautiful city in the world. Both have their neat and cheerful eating, drinking, and love-making nooks. Both have their spacious, well-scrubbed plazas, tidily designed for fresh air strolls.

It is interesting, too, that all these works bubble with cleansing water imagery. Water is usually exhilarating, though the rains of *A Farewell to Arms* and the snows of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* are depressing and bad. There are a variety of sparkling streams, rivers, lakes, and oceans (not to mention purifying sweats and tasty drinks). Jake Barnes finds refreshment in the Spanish trout streams, on the motherly heave and fall of the Atlantic breast. Frederic Henry finds a river and a lake as allies in his fight against a hostile world. The Gulf Stream is almost a mother (and garbage disposal) for both Harry Morgan and Santiago. And there is certainly well-arranged good cheer around the rivers and lakes of Colonel Cantwell's Venice and Pop's green hills of Africa. The mountain streams relieve Robert Jordan's arduous pilgrimage.

In brief the locales of Hemingway's works are quite tidy and clean. These locales which the protagonists and heroes either find or make become a clear symbol. They become the primary indicators of the defensive insecurity which is the bottom nature of all the Hemingway protagonists and heroes. They also become the primary emblems of the hero's obsessively motivated sanitary code.

The most recent statement of the finicky code is in *The Old Man and the Sea*.

The novella's tragic hero, Santiago, has been out of luck for eighty-

four days, has not caught a fish, and so decides to probe the deep waters farther out than fishermen should venture. On the eighty-fifth day, with the aid of his young apprentice, Manolin, Santiago puts to sea in his rowing and sailing skiff. By daylight he is far from Havana, trolling steadily and with skillful calculation in the current of the Gulf Stream. He hooks a great marlin that is designed if ever fish was to test the limits of man's endurance and courage. Implacably and without panic fish and man engage each other for all of two nights and the better part of two days. Santiago finally circles his mighty antagonist in for the kill. Having efficiently lashed the marlin to the side of his boat, he hoists sail before a fine breeze and points for home. But long before he arrives his prize is attacked and largely destroyed by sharks. In the realm of tangible gain he is still in bad luck; but in the universe of spiritual values he has proved once again, despite his sin of pride in venturing too far out, that he is worthy of Manolin's respect and love, and of his own.

The plot stated so barrenly reads like a detective story. There are the excitement of the chase, and the wily and experienced protagonist and antagonist, both of whom act rather nobly within the limits of their self-defined codes. But again the conflict is only superficially with the exterior enemy, with the fish and with the boy's parents; the real enemy is one's potential frailty. Santiago is declining physically, and there is his

fear that he will fail spiritually: and so he must constantly test himself against his icy code. He must not only endure his poverty, ill luck, and pain, but triumph over them. The moment of climax, when Santiago shows that he will not collapse in his struggle to bring the fish within harpooning distance, is approached superbly as tension and as demonstration of the old man's muscular and moral strength. He proves to be full of self-reliance, alertness, efficiency, and courage, full of all the usual code virtues. In addition he shows a deeper understanding of humility and compassion, of acceptance and of love, than any of the previous heroes.

If Santiago is the rigid code hero in his most highly developed and admirable state, he is not a complex or variously motivated character. He is a didactic type, a memorable idea—as well-lighted and as pure as the ocean on which he dwells.

Santiago's code has considerable moral dignity. But he is emotionally a trifle too spotless, too humorless, too didactic; perhaps also too aggressively loving and humble and compassionate. One is a bit disturbed by the strenuous, self-righteous quality of his code, which often seems no more than a façade for an obsessive and irrational need.

Santiago's code is the statement toward which the Hemingway heroes (and romantic heroines) have been aspiring for a quarter of a century. The struggle can be traced through the even more complex and camou-

flagged defenses of Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, Frederic Henry, and Robert Jordan. All along they have been haltingly approaching Santiago's idealized virtue.

Hemingway's code hero has accomplished a difficult and astonishing feat — he has reared a mono-

lithic defense which is not easily attacked. Yet psychological defense is always vulnerable under pressure, is likely to crumble periodically, like the defenses of the two Harrys and Colonel Cantwell. One can only wish the heroes luck with their further visions of clean, well-lighted life.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

—ALEXANDER POPE, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

OUR ASIAN POLICY: TIME FOR REAPPRAISAL

by L. Edward Shuck, Jr.

THE last five years of Asian-American relations suggest that if Communism in the East meets its deserved demise, the specific causes will be its own inner contradictions and falsehoods rather than a triumph of Western policy. Any widespread repudiation of Communism by the peoples of Asia, in short, will result from their own lost hopes and disillusionment with Communist promises, and not from Western warnings about the evils of Bolshevism, or from Western exploits in cold war maneuvering.

In fact, the most effective impelling force for Communist political expansion in Asia remains the upswelling of mass feeling against the old order—an emotional tide which Communist tacticians have successfully impounded again and again and channeled for their own purposes. The classics of Marxism may ridicule philosophical idealism, but activist agitators in Asia appeal to, and capture, utopian emotions just the same.

We in the United States, on the other hand, have acted too often on the dangerous oversimplification that Red Chinese military aggression is the major weapon in the arsenal of Asian Communism.

The means for effectively influencing the social revolution which keeps most of Asia in turmoil have largely escaped us. The Communists, on the other hand, present to an Asian world which feels blocked and frustrated by problems of the status quo a future of tantalizing promise.

In recent years our decision makers for Asia have been preoccupied with the secondary matter of military policy. Our very catchwords—"unleashing Chiang Kai-shek," "massive retaliation," "tightening the defenses of Free Asia,"—reveal our tendency toward simplifying our problems and defining them narrowly within military boundaries. Our public imagination remains fasci-

nated—and circumscribed—by our military policies in Asia, and our diplomatic maneuvers shift this way and that without relation to any deeply thought out and sustained *political* policy.

The Korean war ended in a stalemate. The Democratic administration made unprecedented efforts to limit this war geographically—preferred not to call it a war, in fact—and sought tirelessly for a face-saving means to end it. The Republicans, upon coming to power, minimized the matter of face and just called the whole thing off. We sought reassurance by reminding ourselves that we had held North Korea and Red China to a draw during a three-year seesaw battle fought in the enemy's front yard. Asians, on the other hand, tend to be more impressed by the fact that Communist China has resisted the might of the United States and its allies, stopping Western soldiery in its tracks.

Subsequent developments under the Truce Agreements—especially China's violation of the Agreements without regard for world opinion and without penalty—seemed to reveal an American frustration that was close to paralysis.

In Southeast Asia we created, with considerable flamboyance, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, which tries to pull together the Philippines, Thailand, Pakistan (which is not located in Southeast Asia), Europe-oriented New Zealand and Australia, and European France and the United Kingdom. Its value remains to be demonstrated. It may create a dangerous feeling of false security about the ability of the Philippines and Pakistan, for example, to contribute anything but moral support to a future defense of, say, Thailand. One thing is certain: SEATO is not taken seriously by those in Asia who do not participate in it.

A significant undercutting of American military policy took place at the Delhi conference of 1954 between Nehru and Chou En-lai, in a meeting rather inexactly presumed by Americans to represent a joining of forces against the United States. Actually, in renouncing (direct) aggression and (direct and obvious) interference in the internal affairs of neighboring countries, and in approving of self-determination for all nations and the use of negotiation or arbitration for the settlement of any and all interna-

tional disputes, the two leaders agreed on two highly important principles for Asian political life:

1. Chou En-lai—in effect—affirmed that henceforth Chinese Communist activities in neighboring countries would be carried out only under cover of subversive organizations nominally indigenous. Such activities would not be aided by anything so obvious as invasions by troops carrying the Red Chinese flag, nor would any bombs be thrown by acknowledged Red Chinese agents.

2. India—in effect—assumed a moral obligation publicly to censor Red China should the Peking government commit acts of such overtly aggressive character that they could not possibly be ignored. At the same time, so long as techniques of subversion rather than overt attack were resorted to, India could continue officially to ignore the international implications of the Communist drive to power.

Asian politics, as a result of these understandings, merely flowed deeper into what are now well-worn channels of intrigue and subtle subversion. And since crude forms of open warfare were piously rejected, the Chou-Nehru pact thereby outdated our military preparations for some imaginary frontal attack by Red Chinese armies. At the same time it gave a formula for the Indians to continue to participate directly in international politics as champions of the intent to confine anti-Communism to the realm of moral suasion—thus further neutralizing the efficacy of our militarily premised policies for Asia.

At the Bandung conference—which American press and radio commentators almost unanimously referred to as some sort of great and unexpected victory for the United States—Chou and Nehru consistently developed the line they had initiated at Delhi. Throughout the sessions Chou En-lai was the soul of dignity and peace. Nothing could be more ridiculous, to Chou and Nehru in their speeches and conversations at Bandung, than that China would be a direct aggressor at any time—even, by inference, against Formosa. Bandung provided additional cover for stepped-up subversive activities on the part of the Chinese Communists.

The much publicized and excellently phrased remarks by

Messrs. Romulo, Wan, and Kotelawala merely beat the dead dog of formal military aggression (or tacitly admitted subversive activity directed by the Chinese)—a dog which Chou En-lai and Nehru had already publicly slain and buried at New Delhi. Chou acted as if the pro-Western speakers were not referring to him at all, and well he might. For inasmuch as the United States has shown itself obsessed with resisting military attacks, the Communist Chinese have decided to sit down, listen to our fears and complaints, and soberly agree with us.

How the Bandung conference could be interpreted as a victory for the West is obscure. We remain doggedly set to meet another Korea while the Chinese are busy preparing Czechoslovakias.

Our most consistent and obvious policy trend during the past three years has been the steady de-emphasizing of our cultural and economic foreign policy instruments in favor of military weapons. Whatever else may be said about the last Democratic administration, it did pioneer in the grand-scale use of cultural and economic devices in the conduct of foreign relations. Yet it was the writer's experience that even during the Democratic years 1950-52, leading non-Communist Asians habitually expressed regret at what impressed them as an American resort to a military answer for the problem of Communism. Under the Republicans it is logical to assume that this regret has turned to despair.

From Dakar to Tokyo the Eastern Hemisphere is filled with a spirit of change and revolution. The known is widely disliked or hated, the unknown is presumed preferable, even pregnant with happiness. The Communists are in the preferred position of offering the unknown as a tempting, impressive, and generally convincing solution to the heretofore insoluble problems created by the known. We are in a much more difficult position: no matter how we embellish the status quo with clichés about freedom and with denunciation of our opponents, all but a few people in most of the "free" Asian and African countries are dissatisfied with it.

Our holding operation depends on theoretical "strong points," which are merely Communist countries to which we have assigned

the adjective "free." Most of them, in fact, are composed of tiny traditional ruling elites—themselves often confused or corrupt or both—presiding over masses of underfed, undereducated, disorganized, insecure, and bewildered peasants. Theoretically, on the premise of militarily oriented foreign policies, if we give these people enough modern weapons they will in fact comprise our Oriental Maginot Line. In actuality we have but lightly assessed the ability of an enemy, by organization and propaganda, to nullify almost completely the value of military weapons in the hands of an emotionally unsure people.

The political dynamics of the present situation in the hungry two-thirds of the world are working against the white man's West because we have no magnetic political offensive. Attempting to preserve the social structure which is the framework of the discredited known, we in effect are nothing better than defenders of the very conditions which overwhelming majorities in these countries would happily see changed or abolished.

A disturbing combination of fact, rumor, and propaganda concerning this American military defense of the status quo in Asia seems to justify many Asians in the fear that the United States may grow tired of its dismal holding operation and launch a "preventive" war. There is, moreover, a certain logic of circumstance which tends, at times, to endow this possibility with an appearance of inevitability.

Among those Americans who sense the impasse into which our policies—Democratic and Republican—have led us, there are some who would prefer to force a showdown before the Communist Chinese gain strength through consolidation of their present gains. These, on the whole, are the same people who would have us "unleash" Chiang Kai-shek—though militarily the Generalissimo has nothing much to unleash beyond troops which happen to be utterly dependent upon American munitions and American air and naval support.

So far these enthusiasts have been held in check by wiser counsel. The danger is that as we lose out in the field of politics to Communist tacticians and agitators, a futile and destructive war

may—at some weak moment—appeal to many more of us as the only way out. What the United States needs is an Asian policy sufficiently dynamic to destroy our own sense of frustration, to win the confidence of the people of Asia, and to seize from the Communists their present initiative.

Before we can possibly achieve such a policy, however, we must first face up to certain unpleasant realities.

We have spent ten difficult years instructing ourselves in the use of economic aid to further our prestige and influence abroad and to undercut Communist expansion. We have learned costly lessons which can help us make our economic aid more effective with the passage of time. It has not been easy for Americans to comprehend that Asians tend to be less preoccupied with fear of Communist expansion than with distrust of American military activities and the possible misuse of American economic power. Yet the fact remains that many Asians, conditioned through centuries to fear the West, find it difficult to transform their traditional apprehensions into a concern over Communism in the abstract, or even into a distrust of Communist Chinese armies. There are indications, to be sure, that apprehension over Communist intentions has been rising to some degree in the Philippines and on the mainland of Southeast Asia. But in the important larger countries—India and Indonesia, for example—it will be a long time before China, rather than the United States, becomes the chief source of apprehension or suspicion.

Under these circumstances the nature of our economic and cultural policies assumes critical importance.

Certain flaws in the administration of our aid programs—particularly in the so-called underdeveloped areas—have been painfully obvious. We have tended, for example, to think of industrialization as a cure-all, to speed the absorption into local agricultural economics of impractical industrial and automotive equipment. We have moved so fast in some areas that the beneficiaries have found it impossible to absorb our revolutionary ideas for changing local methods of production and distribution. Representatives have often been sent abroad who were inadequately prepared education-

ally or psychologically to work positively and with understanding among Asian peoples.

So, too, our techniques for explaining policies and specific programs have tended—in one direction or another—to be awkward and ineffective. In some cases, by seeking to be inoffensive and to say virtually nothing about our aid activities, we have only earned for ourselves a reputation for being secret or sinister. This tendency has made more credible the Communist charge that our aid programs are bribes, intended to win over and dominate the politicians of the status quo. In other cases, we have been content to issue a mass of naïve propaganda about the unselfish generosity of the American people who give without thought of material return to themselves.

Now it is true, of course, that our programs must rest on sound values—generosity included. But Asians are less inclined than we TV viewers to assume that people get things for nothing. We must systematically and intelligently *explain* our foreign aid programs, their content, their administrative procedures, and their intent.

Another defect is the natural predilection for empire building, inherent in any large organization, which in early years inspired our representatives abroad to use personal pressure to get their budgetary allotments spent. This tendency varied according to country. Filipinos, for example, being friendly to the United States and relatively familiar with our technical methodology, have worked out mature plans for change and development in a number of fields. They have been quick to ask us for a wide variety of aid and to criticize both avoidable breakdowns in administration and unnecessary conditions imposed upon them as recipients. On the other hand, the less politically committed and less technologically sophisticated Indonesians have been pressed into accepting aid which they neither appreciated nor could properly use. Clearly, then, our administrative practices, our public relations programs, and our expenditures vary considerably among the various economies which we have sought to strengthen and make more viable.

But responsibility for deficiencies in our foreign aid programs does not lie entirely with the administrators. With the activities of

certain lobbyists and Congressional debaters in mind, one sometimes wonders whether foreign aid is intended for the welfare of our Asian neighbors or merely as a public subsidy to be fought over by exporters and government suppliers.

For the United States moving thus into a new and uncharted area of international relations, many of these errors and shortcomings were no doubt inevitable. As a matter of fact, the various programs were often criticized unduly, especially by politicians who found it convenient to demand (quite immodestly, and especially from members of the opposing political party) that miracles be achieved overnight, and with no allowance for trial and error. In any case, we have slowly evolved improved methods over recent years for carrying on our foreign economic policies and for explaining them. Fortunately, our foreign aid people have been, with very few exceptions, technically able and emotionally dedicated. They have learned from error, and have become more efficient with time. That is perhaps the best that could have been expected.

To cut down on our economic aid programs, especially in those areas where such aid is welcomed and appreciated, would seem unfortunate. Yet that has been the trend of our policy over the last three years. While spending luxuriously upon what should have been a secondary military policy, we have neglected our economic and cultural programs. As voters, we should grant the new aid structure now set up under the Department of State—the International Cooperation Administration—our constant attention.

It is clear, in view of these various circumstances, that we need to reorient our public relations and cease publicizing our military assistance. We automatically lend credence to Russo-Chinese propaganda when we continually tell the world how generous we are with arms and the paraphernalia of war.

Fundamentally even more dangerous is the fact that government spokesmen of both parties have grossly exaggerated the value of military pacts. At home this predilection approaches the point of unconscionable dishonesty in administration dealings with a susceptible public. In a world-wide context this same predilection offers

“proof”—depending on the viewpoint of the observer—either that American-led “satellites” are aggressive, or that they are now safely ensconced behind an iron bulwark indigenously created by peoples united behind America and against Red China. Both illusions, because they assume military strength on the part of weak and trouble-ridden governments, are ridiculous; to the degree that they inhibit the recognition of more fundamental problems, they are downright dangerous. Military pacts can serve effectively as policy supports in selected areas, but only so long as they are perceived as complementary to vigorous political and social programs, and are so presented by the experts upon whom people of the free world, at least, depend for honest information.

It is likewise essential that we reassess our techniques for dispensing ideological propaganda. Democracy is not soap, automobile tires, or refrigerators. It can only be felt and lived. There are very sound reasons why the American way of life cannot be “sold” like a Ford automobile or Camel cigarette. We do ourselves a possibly irreparable injustice by using soap opera techniques in a feverish attempt to make people like us.

One of the phenomena most difficult for Americans to grasp is that a society presided over by a central government—a government in theory all-powerful and depended upon by the population for all manner of political decisions—is the normal and presumed condition of life in many parts of Asia. Our earnest warnings that Communism is despotic and restrictive of individual freedom of action fall on many deaf ears in the Orient. The Chinese Communist concentration of control at the top—which we loosely call dictatorship—does not appear to many Asians as notably more authoritarian than the paternal forms of political control to which they have been accustomed, while mass participation in governmental functions—so typical of Communist regimes—often passes for the vigorous operation of democracy.

While we should not be sanguine about the process of “selling” democracy with propaganda, we can easily do a better job of championing—rather than ignoring—the overwhelming desire of various Asian and African peoples for *independence*. Asians are now get-

ting tired of hearing us tell how we freed the Philippines. Since 1946 they have been waiting for us to lend support to similar causes elsewhere.

The saddest spectacle of all, over the past two years, has been the defeat in Vietnam. This unhappy place stands symbolic of the sacrifice we made to win French support for our policies in Western Europe. Whether such a sacrifice was indeed warranted (in view of the realities of political and economic life to which even the French would have ultimately had to conform) is a question upon which we can only speculate. But it remains a fact that for halfhearted French agreement to American-sponsored policies in Western Europe we have risked, and are still continuing to risk, such prestige as remains to us among African and Asian anti-colonialists. The loss of Vietnam is to date the most spectacular sacrifice which our long and consistent support of French colonialism has brought about. There may be more. Certain it is that the lines in Indochina are drawn between French puppethood on the one hand and what many free Asians still fail to recognize as Russo-Chinese puppethood on the other. At the moment, the latter, personalized by the government of Ho Chi-minh, is an all-out favorite to win.

Tangential, and at the same time central, to this tragic circumstance is perhaps the most out-of-place and the most overlooked set of remarks made during the recent San Francisco United Nations commemorative conference. During his speech, French Foreign Minister Pinay assured those present that France would participate in Western European rearmament with assistance from the United States and in accordance with over-all American policy in Western Europe. M. Pinay then quietly and concisely explained the *quid pro quo*. He stated emphatically that France's hand in North Africa would not be moved by terrorists and "irresponsible" nationalist elements. North African political affairs would remain exclusively the concern of the French Union. No doubt was left that while France might follow American policy on Germany and Western Europe, France would expect in return that neither the United States nor the United Nations would make any attempt to negotiate

independence for the French North African holdings. Until this presumed tacit understanding is repudiated by American action, Middle and Far Easterners will continue to believe that the United States will support French policies at the expense of freedom for the Muslims of French North Africa.

Thus, fearful of antagonizing the French (and elsewhere, to a lesser degree, the British, Dutch, and Belgians), we have defaulted in this vital job of championing independence on both sides of the Iron Curtain, of championing independence from Western European domination as well as independence from Russo-Chinese domination. For the championship of independence is something Asians understand and something to which nearly all of them, even the most sophisticated, passionately respond. It is this championship, and not the "selling" of American capitalism or American democracy, that is likely to win Asian confidence.

This does not mean that we should be utterly silent about our culture and our way of life. What is needed, however, is not so much a one-directional propaganda barrage as an exchange of ideas and values, a cross-fertilization between East and West. One of the best ways of achieving this, it seems to me, is through the wider exchange of persons.

The United States can present itself more faithfully and effectively as a society of human beings, I think, than as a wonderland of gadgets or an arsenal of lethal weapons. We should not hesitate to send abroad as many properly chosen Americans as are needed for the various countries which have accepted our aid. In many Eastern countries, these countrymen of ours will receive even more than they give, for Asia and Africa have much to teach us. At the same time, however, our doors should be opened wider for foreign students and political and cultural leaders from Asia and Africa—the areas which most sincerely doubt our democratic intentions.

Unfortunately, our present immigration laws do us a tragic disservice. Some of our warmest Asian friends find it impossible to visit us—because they were, in their student days, perhaps, as-

sociated with some Communist movement. Many non-Communist Asians, potential friends of ours, complain that it is often far easier to visit China or North Korea or Soviet Russia (even to be invited there with expenses paid) than to obtain a visa for the United States. Who among us would not welcome a comparison between life in our country and life anywhere behind the various Curtains? We even proclaim our faith that any person in doubt need only live first for a time in the United States and then in a Communist-dominated society. All too often, however, we appear unsure of ourselves and our country, unwilling to put this comparison to test.

It is true, of course, that Asian and African visitors to the United States occasionally suffer unpleasantness because of the color bias. But the average experience operates far and away in our favor. Indeed, our best friends in nearly any Asian or African country are usually those who have been to the United States and have come to know it well.

Rather than offer destroyers, tanks, and planes, should we not increasingly establish lectureships for visiting foreign professors, scholarship funds for foreign students, and support for universities and teacher-training institutions which welcome the attendance of Africans and Asians? For the cost of one naval torpedo we could invite two Indian journalists, writers, professors, or business administrators for a year's study in the United States—and pay all their expenses. The cost of one over-age destroyer could provide about eight hundred one-year living allowances, including round-trip transportation, for Asian leaders, teachers, and students, the very men and women now under a barrage of anti-American propaganda from Communist and extreme anti-Western sources. For the cost of one 1953 jet fighter plane—itsself little more than an expensive toy in the hands of poverty-ridden agricultural nations in Asia—we could provide two hundred such scholarships or more. Considering that we must also train pilot and ground crews and provide fuel and spare parts for the life of the jet, we can be conservative and still estimate four hundred scholarships. The cost of the two squadrons of jet fighter planes recently given Thailand would

have enabled *several thousand* Indonesian or Indian university students to live and study in the United States for two or more years.

These comparisons are for emphasis. Actually, we are rich enough to be able to give away our old destroyers and outmoded fighter planes and yet vastly enlarge our exchange-of-persons activities. The problem is one of human values. The penurious who see more return to the United States from jet planes than from scholarships may, in the long run, prove to be the real wasters.

Our enemies in Asia have created the illusion that we are a real threat to local independence and popular freedom of action. Certain of our policies lend strength to Communist efforts by putting the United States in the role of opposing changes the Asians passionately desire. Without the appearance of such opposition from the West, Leninism-Stalinism might well have remained incomprehensible and quite unacceptable to Asia; we did not create the ideas embodied in Leninism-Stalinism, but we gave those ideas a twisted validity.

It was Western colonial powers, then—and this category includes the United States in the popular Asian mind if only because we look like Western Europeans and are rich—that took Communism out of the classroom and cellar into the village meeting place. By our ill-advised colonial and pro-colonial policies, we helped a few misfits and malcontents prepare a sizeable mass base for Communism in Asia. It is likely that by withdrawing the most ostensible and obvious proofs of our opposition, we could watch in leisure while Communist inadequacy, incompetence, and philosophical absurdity destroy Communist political hegemony. For while it is almost certain that no strategy so aids Communism in Asia as open warfare, it is also possible that nothing—in the long run—will so further democracy as a living record of Communist bureaucracy, clumsiness, and brutality.

But that is speculation. Our present task is to win individual friends and inspire individual people; all else must be secondary and contributory to that end.

A SERVANT OF GOD

*by Ka Naa Subramanyam**

IT WAS the height of summer. I was in no hurry to reach my destination, and I had chosen the most leisurely train available on that line. I was the only occupant of my compartment. The wheezy fans that the Southern railway had so kindly provided for the benefit of those who travel second class fanned the heat and made a noise like a million bees. I spent my time between Chidambaram and Mayuram trying to find the coolest spot in the compartment.

When the train at last jolted to a stop in Mayuram Junction, I found that I was inexplicably on the warmer side of the compartment. The sun shone directly on me. I was lucky in having no fellow passengers to dispute the possession of the cooler seat with me. I moved to the sunless side and made myself as comfortable as I could. I was not sure that I would be left in solitary occupation of the compartment even after Mayuram Junction.

I was right. When my train after an endless and seemingly purposeless wait of over fifty minutes began to "tittle tattle its tame tattoo" out of

the station yard, my compartment was invaded all in a rush by a fellow passenger. How very Indian this last minute hurry was, I exclaimed to myself.

But I did know all the while that the last minute scramble of my fellow traveler into the train was due to no fault of his. The Tiruvarur branch line train had arrived late, bringing its load of human beings to catch my main line train at the last moment. Even my leisure-loving train that was like me in no hurry to reach anywhere had got tired of waiting and was moving out of the station without allowing the branch line passengers sufficient time to sprint up and stagger down the sixty-odd steps that separated the two platforms.

I glanced at my fellow passenger, while the train was making up its mind about gathering speed out of Mayuram station. He was inconspicuously perched on the sun-drenched seat opposite to mine. I was intrigued by his appearance, to say the least of it. It is a favorite theory of mine that I can always read a stranger at a glance. By merely looking once at a stranger I fancy that I can find out all that I want to know about him. I can usually

* This story was translated from the Tamil by the author in collaboration with Mrs. S. Rajee.

guess, and guess right eight times out of ten, the status, the profession, the mental development of anyone at a glance. Even the few times that I had hitherto guessed wrong, I had guessed wrong only because of faultiness or hasty observation.

On this occasion, however, I shall have to confess that I was baffled. My fellow passenger defied classification. His eyes were queer; they gave me an assurance of dignity and poise and qualities that I was not able to corroborate for myself from other evidence. His general appearance did not warrant a charitable or kindly reading of his status. He had me guessing, and guessing frantically, all the while aware that my guesses were likely to be wrong. He was not the usual kind of second class passenger. Nor for the matter of that was I. He had a few weeks' growth on his chin; I had only a fortnight's. His home-laundered shirt and homespun dhoti were reddish-yellow with age and threadbare with washing and hand-patched in a dozen places. His shirt was sizes too small for him and in the fashion of a decade ago, with a polo collar. A few coins jingled in his purse whenever he moved. His possessions for the journey were contained in a modest-sized jute bag with a handle that was too big for it. But there was something really warm and alert and human and full of life about his eyes.

At this stage in my speculations, I was becoming unpleasantly aware

of the fact that the summer sun was shining into my eyes. The train had evidently taken a bend and the cool seat that I had been occupying was now bathed in the heat and the light of the tropic sun. I put up the shutters of my windows and moved uncomfortably to the edge of my seat. My thoughts about my fellow passenger were now tinged with a bit of envy. There were, I felt, a thousand lessons that I could have drawn from this incident. But I have always found lessons uncomfortable.

The train came to a stop at Maliam. I opened my window and looked out into the glaring heat of the almost empty platform. My fellow passenger had opened the door of the compartment and was standing in the doorway. Two or three persons had come—evidently to see him. He had perhaps given them advance information that he would be traveling by that train. I watched what happened with excusable curiosity. The two or three who had come to see him made very humble and reverent obeisance; they stood before him in attitudes suggestive of supplianee, awe, and reverence. He on his part accepted the reverence as one accustomed to it. He enquired of their welfare with practiced kindness, as if from a great height. In parting he blessed them, raising his left hand in customary benediction.

When the train moved on, he closed the door of the compartment and went back to his seat, the coins

jingling in his picket as he moved. I too closed my window.

Frankly, I was puzzled. I was perplexed. I noticed that my fellow passenger sat for a few seconds with his eyes closed, as if in *yoga*. Then when he opened his eyes and saw my perplexed and speculative stare fixed on him, he said to me in a gentle voice: "The sun is on your side. Won't you move over here? You will find it more comfortable, I daresay."

I thanked him and moved over to his side. I was a bit annoyed. I had not offered him my side of the compartment when I had had the opportunity.

"Are you going far?" he asked me. His voice was aloof—that is, his tone implied that it was not mere curiosity that prompted him to ask me that question. It was just sociability, the apparent desire to put an uncomfortable stranger at his ease.

I am afraid that his question made me feel a little more uncomfortable. "I am going to Kumbakonam," I said rather briefly.

"I am bound for Aduthurai," he said. Aduthurai was just two stops this side of my destination. I thought that I would address him directly and solve the problem that was vexing me. "Are you in service?"

He hesitated for just a second before he replied. I fancied that either my question or my tone in asking it annoyed him. I was glad of it within myself.

"In a sense you can say I am in service. I am in divine service," he said.

I did not understand. "In divine service? What exactly does that mean?"

"I am a slave of no man. I serve God. I serve only God. God in His infinite grace has accepted me as one of His servants."

At last I understood. I understood that I was talking to a Ramana Maharishi, or he might have been a Rasputin for aught I knew. Here before me was the practitioner of the only art that comes naturally and as if by divine grace to every Indian.

Our train stopped with a sigh at Kuttalam. The servant of God stood ready at the door of the second class compartment to give *darshan* to his Kuttalam devotees. And Kuttalam had dutifully sent its quota of ten or twelve devotees. They shouted "Jai, Jai" as the train moved out of the station.

"Is not everyone born on earth a servant of God in one sense?" I asked him, seeking clarification of a point that was not clear to me. I would have liked to have asked the question in a tone of deprecation and unbelief, but my ears were still ringing with the "Jai, Jai" of his Kuttalam devotees.

The servant of God answered me with assurance, as one who had no doubts in the matter: "Man is born to serve God. Happy he who knows as much. Happy he who acts accordingly." He paused for a mo-

ment and then continued in a low voice as if communing within himself: "But God chooses and calls a few to serve Him specially. He gives to a few chosen ones the powers to serve Him."

"And what exactly are your powers?" I asked immediately. The arrogance of all the knowledge that I did not have was in my question.

I failed in my purpose of irritating him. It was evident that I had not succeeded in disturbing him. He was not ruffled. Deliberately measuring his words, he replied to me in all seriousness: "I am endowed with the power of healing. My devotees flock in hundreds to my village every Saturday. From far and near they come; they come, the maimed and unclean and the incurable, and they depart healed and healthy and whole."

My memory stirred. I too had heard of a Healer who went forth among the sick, but he was not of this age.

The servant of God continued: "A mere look is often enough to heal. Yet what right have I, the least among God's servants, to claim the healing look as mine? I look, and the cures are effected without my knowledge. It is God's gift and I use it as He directs me to. Yet not I, not I. I am only the lowliest among the low, the least of the great servants of God."

To say the least of it, the patter was convincing. Not that I was convinced, but I was sure that anyone less sure of himself than myself would have been convinced by it.

The servant of God continued: "God has deigned to grace me with this gift. Dare I refuse to use it in His service?"

I did not reply. I was lost in the labyrinths of my own mind. This idea of the Chosen of God is as old as the human race itself, but it had profited the human race little. Down the ages, we hear of a few Persons—and that is all.

The train came to a stop in a banyan grove of a station. It was Narasingampettai. The servant of God had but little time left to convert me, if he did desire to convert me—the next stop was Aduthurai where he was to get off.

An unlicensed vendor offered me a tender coconut from the wrong side of the platform. I immediately became a devotee to the sweetness of the tender coconut which was all the sweeter and welcome because of the sweltering heat of the day. I did not pay any attention to the servant of God or his Narasingampettai devotees. I offered him a coconut which, however, he refused, saying that he did not take anything at all except at the noonday meal. I told myself that at least in eating he would never succeed in making a convert of me. For me, all hours in the day or the night are eating hours.

The servant of God said: "At Aduthurai is one of my poor devotees. He has a girl aged about eighteen who suffers from an incurable disease. I am told that all the doctors have given up. But only God is infallible."

I added ironically: "God's mercy is infinite. Allah ho Akbar!"

The servant of God spoke on with dignity as if he had not heard my disparaging remark. "My devotee would have gladly saved me the inconvenience of this trip. But he was told by doctors that he should not move the girl at the present state of her health. I had to consent to go and see her. So you see I am really traveling in the service of God."

And traveling second class like any successful businessman. God works in mysterious ways, I told myself. I reminded myself that in the old days I too had wanted to be a servant of God. The passing days had taught me that I had other follies to commit.

The train thundered through a nonstop wayside station. The servant of God said: "We are passing Thiagarajapuram. In three minutes we shall be at Aduthurai." He took from his jute bag a gay colored kerchief and wiped his face. It was a religious act, almost a symbolic act; it did not in any way improve his face.

"Have you any magic or medicine?" I asked.

He laughed. "I am unlearned alike in sorcery and in medicine. I cure with a look or not at all." He took out a small silver snuffbox from his bag, opened it with a snap, and took a pinch of snuff with noisy gusto. Then he put his snuffbox back in his bag and took from it a small something which he held concealed in the hollow of his palm and stared at with concentration for ten

seconds. Try how I would, I could not get a glimpse of what it was he held in his palm. He hid it with skill born of practice.

The train stopped at Aduthurai breathing heavily. There was a crowd on the platform but it was a Muslim crowd come to welcome a Haji back from Mecca. A doleful old man approached our compartment to welcome my fellow passenger. Recent bereavement was written on that old face. He began telling the servant of God that the girl he had come to cure was beyond the reach of his cure; she was no more.

The servant of God blessed me with his left hand before he got off the train. I bowed low with hands clasped as prescribed. I bowed a little lower than was necessary.

When I was alone again in the compartment and the train was gathering speed out of Aduthurai, my gaze wandered to where the servant of God had been sitting. Onto the seat had slipped unnoticed a small square tin-framed mirror, the cheap variety that one can buy at temple shops three *annas* to a dozen. Evidently it was the mirror which the servant of God had concealed so successfully in his palm and gazed into with such absorption. The look Healer had felt then the need of exercising his own powers on himself. How else can one explain the cheap tin mirror, the symbol of all the vanities of the world?

I have the mirror still. Luckily I have not acquired the healing powers of its owner!

ITALY IN CALIFORNIA*

by Andrew F. Rolle

Italy is the land of imagination, but the sensation of first beholding it . . . can be repeated in our own land by whoever will cross the burning wastes of the Mojave wilderness of stone and sage-brush, and come suddenly into the bloom of Southern California.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, *Our Italy*

A CONTEMPORARY historian has asserted that western history has developed an "unfortunate tendency" to emphasize "the sensational, the transitory, the erratic, and the pathological." The unfortunate result has been to perpetuate certain significant literary voids. For example, the history of foreign immigration to the West is a virtually neglected field deserving at least some of the attention devoted to cowboys, Indians, mining rushes, and oil and land booms.

One of the biggest gaps in the story of the peopling of the West is the record of the Italians. Whether in the California vineyards or deep in the copper pits of Arizona, theirs was a lasting contribution to the process of western settlement and development of the land. In the farthest West it was the land, California's above all, that charmed Italy's emigrants.

Those who know Italy have been struck by the many similarities between California and ancient Tuscany or fertile Campania. Along the Golden State's picturesque coast line the resemblances are vivid ones. The terraced bluffs around Santa Barbara and Carmel remind one of the Riviera's Santa Margherita, San Remo, and Rapallo. Limpid blue skies, shimmering olive trees, and crag-like cliffs have taken Italians back mentally to Posilippo on the Bay of Naples. The mildness of California's seasons has proved a power-

* This article was delivered in an abbreviated version before the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at Madison, Wisconsin, in April 1954. It is part of a larger study now in progress entitled "Foreign Influences upon the American West."

ful attraction to them. Even her rainfall resembles Italy's—with the heaviest in the north. In California, which came to be called the "Italy of America," Italians found that almost anything grown back home could be raised.

Italian contact with California was by no means as early as that of the Portuguese Cabrillo or the Englishman Drake. Italy's initial missionaries, Giuseppe Salvatierra and Francesco Clavigero, made their first impression upon Lower rather than Upper California. More apropos are the facts about Alessandro Malaspina (1754–1809), a Tuscan whose Spanish expedition of 1791 put California's first foreign resident—a stiff American named Graham—ashore in a coffin. Obviously such early Italian visitors were scarcely immigrants.

Who were a few of California's first Italian colonists? One must traverse the remainder of the Spanish period before the name of one Juan B. Bonifacio comes into view. He landed at Monterey in 1822 off the ship *John Begg*, with the governor's permission, and was employed as a hide and tallow stevedore.

The earliest description of California and its inhabitants by an Italian is by Paolo Emilio Botta, son of the historian Carlo Botta. He came in 1827 as surgeon on the explorer Duhaut-Cilly's vessel *Heros*. Later he became an archaeologist of note. His reflections on California as he saw it in 1827 are fresh and vivid.

So many other early Italians came on such vessels as the *Flaminio Agazini* (1825), the *Rosa* (1834), the *City of Genoa* (1837), and *La Democrazia* (1850), that the prime minister of the Kingdom of Sardinia, Massimo d'Azeglio, directed that a consulate be opened at San Francisco. King Victor Emanuel II charged Colonel Leonetto Cipriani, a participant in the Italian liberation movement, with caring for the large numbers of Italians who had arrived during the California gold rush.

Cipriani's experiences are covered in his practically unknown volume *Avventure della mia vita*, published many decades after his death. As shipboard companions across the Atlantic he had the celebrated dancer Lola Montez and the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth. Cipriani imported into San Francisco a house of some

1,200 separate parts, to be assembled with 700 hooks and 26,000 screws. Unfortunately for him, he was dissuaded by Italians already there from buying San Francisco land plots for \$12,000 and \$16,000 which later sold for \$200,000 and \$300,000 respectively. (Some years before, he had missed an opportunity to buy a dozen acres in the heart of New York City near Union Square for \$20,000 because his banker had gone bankrupt).

In 1853 Cipriani sold his San Francisco property, including his Italian-made house, and returned east via Panama to organize a wagon-train expedition west. He bought cattle and surveying instruments for what he called a personal railroad survey of the West. His caravan left St. Louis in mid-1853 with 24 men, 12 wagons, 500 cattle, 600 oxen, 60 horses, and 40 mules. On an investment of \$35,000, the mustached, cultured Cipriani hoped to realize \$200,000 upon arrival in California. After a tiring trek of almost six months, including, for him, an insufferable diet of beans and flapjacks, visits with the Mormons, Indian encounters, stampedes, and other hazards of the trail, he got his caravan to California, but realized only a modest profit. On subsequent voyages to America (of which he made seven) Cipriani engaged in mining and stock raising, buying and selling several ranches. During the Civil War he is supposed to have offered President Lincoln a plan to kidnap the Confederate General Pierre Beauregard.

Other Italians had fewer adventures. One of the most successful of the gold rush arrivals was Domenico Ghirardelli, who became prosperous because he did not seek the elusive gold of the Sierra. Instead, as a supplier of sweets, he traveled through mining towns like Columbia, Clear Valley, and Hornitos selling supplies, leaving a town whenever business lagged. His heirs continued to operate the large Ghirardelli Chocolate Company of San Francisco after his death in Rapallo, Italy, in 1894.

The *Eco d'Italia*, a New York Italian newspaper, stated on April 26, 1851, that there were six hundred Italians in San Francisco. Several hundred of these were Ligurians who had come on ships carrying coal from England. Others were gold seekers who had arrived from South American countries to which they had

migrated years before. Though their names have not been associated with large gold strikes, a few Italians found wealth. More of them, like Ghirardelli, became merchants. One Mastro Gagliardo did business at the rate of \$5,000 per day at Mariposa. Ruins of stores and hotels run by Italians named Bruschi, Trabucco, Brunetti, Vignoli, Noce, Marre, and Ginocchio dot the Mother Lode countryside. In 1858 some 300 lonesome miners, loaded with gifts, walked nine miles to welcome the first Italian woman to California. Those who resisted the lure of gold stayed at San Francisco to earn more substantial if less spectacular wealth as gardeners or fishermen. Still others went into new pursuits. A man named Tresconi raised 40,000 cattle on a quarter million acres near Monterey.

The predominant religion of Italians followed them wherever they went. Perhaps the first complete description of the Far West by an Italian was the missionary Louis Rossi's *Six ans en Amerique, Californie, et Oregon*, published in Paris in 1863. During the period 1849-51 Fathers John Nobili and Michael Accolti established the groundwork for Santa Clara College. These Jesuits, sent by their Torinese Province, were followed by other Italian clerics. One of them, a Piedmontese named Anthony Maraschi, after teaching at Holy Cross and Loyola colleges in Baltimore, became the founder, in 1855, of Saint Ignatius College, later the University of San Francisco. Father Nicholas Congiato, a Sardinian, was president of both Santa Clara and Saint Ignatius and also superior of the California and Rocky Mountain Jesuit missions. Like Father Joseph Cataldo, founder of Gonzaga University, many of these Italians died in their adopted homeland.

Italians brought with them not only religion but opera and art. It was an Italian, Leonardo Barbieri, who painted the portraits of members of California's constitutional convention of 1849. By 1854 San Francisco, where about half of California's Italian population has historically clustered, already boasted several opera companies. Italian theaters featured everything from *Fedora* to *Giosuè il Guardacoste*. The city was eventually to attract the composer Pietro Mascagni and such divas as Luisa Tetrazzini and Ade-

lina Patti. When Patti sang, San Francisco "went mad over her, a happy insanity that sent crowds following her carriage . . . or besieging the stage door to cheer when she appeared." Photographs of her and Madame Scalchi, a contralto, adorned shop windows amid displays of "opera cloaks for the Patti season" and Patti-style "painted fans, lace handkerchiefs, and pearl opera glasses and opera bags. . . ." Her "farewell tours" were repeated annually for years. Music was not the only art sponsored by California Italians. Giuseppe Coppa coaxed literary artists such as Jack London, George Sterling, and Mary Austin inside his Torinese restaurant, renowned for its murals, its 35-cent meals, and its free Napa claret.

San Francisco has boasted an Italian newspaper (and sometimes as many as four) almost uninterruptedly since 1859. A hospital and mutual benefit society date from the same period. One could hear the Royal Italian Band at the Mechanics' Pavilion or *Tosca* at the Tivoli almost any Sunday afternoon. Italians also developed an active community life, even assembling a social register or "blue book" called *Attivita Italiane in California*. An annual Columbus Day pageant has been staged in San Francisco for years.

In agriculture and commerce California's Italians worked hard. Their talents flowered most in viniculture and viticulture, to which they applied old-world methods. From the 1880's on, North Italians—people from Genoa and Turin and the Lombard vineyard towns—began to appear in greater numbers. Unlike the *pescivendoli* or *lustrascarpe* who migrated to the large eastern cities of America, the taller, fairer North Italians were a pastoral, farming folk. Theirs was a passion for the culture of the grape.

In 1881 Andrea Sbarbaro, a Genoese banker, interested some of these still rootless *contadini* in settling co-operatively at Asti near Cloverdale. Sbarbaro envisioned a semi-utopian colony, more altruistic than material, designed primarily to help settle unemployed farmer-immigrants on fertile land. A secondary interest was the production of fine wines ("not to be excelled") in an ideal climate. In company with chemist Pietro C. Rossi, who became his head wine maker, Sbarbaro founded the Italian-Swiss Agricultural

Colony. In addition to wages (which were generally preferred to stock in the Colony) the workers were given all the wine they could drink.

After a few lean years the Colony prospered. Its 1897 vintage was so large that there was not enough cooperage in all California to hold it. Hence, a reservoir was built in solid rock which became the largest wine tank in the world—80 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 25 feet high, with a capacity of 500,000 gallons. In May 1898, when the tank was first emptied, a dance was held inside it for 200 persons. There was no crowding, though an orchestra occupied the center of the novel ballroom.

In 1911 the Italian-Swiss Colony won the highest award ever given American champagne—the Grand Prix of the Turin International Exposition. After the Second World War, the Colony was first purchased by eastern distillers and later acquired by the Angelo Petri family, owners of the Petri Wine Company. (This firm now has the largest wine-producing capacity in the United States—some forty-six million gallons.) Italian-Swiss Colony's present-day production still features the traditional wicker-raffia Tipo Chianti flasks, and the sons of its founders continue to work the rich soil of Asti. Other Italian wine makers, among them the Martinis and Mondavis (Charles Krug and Company), have had similar success in the near-by Napa Valley. There have also been some failures: Justinian Carre's colony of forty-five Italian-French vintners, for example, came to grief in an attempt to produce wine on Santa Cruz Island.

Farther south, during the same period when California's northern valleys were being planted to grape, the Piedmontese peasant tenacity of Secondo Guasti led him to establish "the globe's largest vineyard," the Italian Vineyard Company. From the sands of semiarid Cucamonga, an area where most vintners once refused to invest capital, have since flowed millions of gallons of dessert wine, a sun-drenched nectar high in sugar and alcoholic content. Guasti's successors are perhaps the largest producers of such fortified wines as sherry, port, and angelica in the United States.

In 1886, when the wine industry faced a serious depression, its

leaders called in Guido Rossati, of the Italian Ministry of Agriculture, for advice. He pointed out, among other things, how building a wine culture involved long-term training of skilled personnel. This the wine makers of California seem not to have forgotten; indeed, Italy's patient techniques of wine making have generally become California's. By insisting upon a high level of quality, California's Italian vintners have helped increase the state's production to approximately 90 percent of the nation's wine requirements.

Not all of California's Italian agriculturists have been wine makers. Swiss-Italians from Canton Ticino have gone into dairying. From 1870 onward hundreds of Swiss-Italians began to buy rich meadowlands from Santa Barbara northward. They built a network of farm roads from their barns to coastal wharves at San Simeon, Cambria, Cayucos, and Morro Bay from which they supplied northern and southern California. These butter and cheese makers are still found throughout the Coast Ranges; the largest number remain clustered around San Luis Obispo.

Italians have pioneered in a variety of agricultural pursuits. By 1911 California's Italians were already putting on the market 35 million pounds of fish annually. They produced that year nearly \$9 million worth of fresh and dried fruit, some \$3 million in cereals, about \$7 million in potatoes and beans, and over \$5 million in other foodstuffs. Their total agricultural production that year exceeded \$65 million. By then they already owned approximately \$200 million in real estate, \$10 million in stocks and bonds, and \$30 million in bank deposits. Their affluence drew a special commendation from President William Howard Taft.

In contrast to California's Orientals and Mexicans, the Italians, like her French and Germans, are not generally migrant workers. They have usually moved into outlying areas, often vacated by original farmer occupants, and there they have remained. Characteristically, the Joseph di Giorgio Fruit Corporation, started by a Sicilian, is today the world's largest shipper of fresh fruit. It controls some 40,000 acres of land in the United States, principally in California, and additional extensive acreage in South America,

Central America, and Mexico. In 1944 its estimated net worth was \$30 million. Its common stock is listed daily on an open securities exchange. Following well-established Italian agricultural tradition, several thousand of the company's employees live in a company-town environment on its various ranch sites.

Italians early became interested in food preservation as well as food growing. The largest fruit-canning organization in the world, the California Fruit Cannery Association, was grouped around the original establishment of an Italian, one M. J. Fontana. California's artichoke crop has from earliest times been largely in the hands of Italian truck farmers. An Italian, Cristoforo Colombo Brevidero, founded the important southern California lilac industry. Italians were among the first to experiment with raising silkworms in the West. The large western tomato industry began in earnest with Camillo Pregno, an Italian immigrant who in 1900 taught Merced farmers how to grow tomato vines on stakes as was the custom in his native country. Many tomato puree packers are Italians, much of their product being used by other Italian-Americans in *pasta* sauces.

Whereas there had been fewer than 3,000 Italians in California in 1860 and no more than 5,000 in 1870, by 1905 there were some 60,000, half of them engaged in agriculture (at a time when most Italians elsewhere in the country were forsaking agriculture for industry). The largest influx occurred in the 1880's, when steerage accommodations from Italy to New York dropped to only forty dollars. By 1920 Italians were the second largest foreign group in the state, making up 11.7 percent of the foreign-born population. This so-called "new immigration" also brought 90 percent of the Swiss-Italians in the United States to California. In the 1930's and 1940's California had over 100,000 Italian-born citizens, the largest foreign-born element except for Mexicans.

The social prestige of Italians increased as they made their mark professionally and in public life. Two Italians at one time presided over the eastern and western portals of the United States—Angelo Rossi, mayor of San Francisco, at the Golden Gate and Fiorello La Guardia at the Statue of Liberty. California's Italians

also take pride in the fact that it was their Amedeo Pietro Giannini who founded the present Bank of America, the largest in the world, which grew out of his Bank of Italy. He traveled the road from pushcart peddler to Giant of the West, as his biographer, Julian Dana, called him.

Italians themselves seem to have lacked the time or the training to tell their stories. A simple and obscure early narrative by one of them, *Da Biella a San Francisco di California: Ossia storia di tre Valligiani Andornini in America* (Turin, 1882), is so rare that it has remained unknown even to professional American bibliographers. Though few western Italians have turned to writing, the pioneer historian Hubert Howe Bancroft has confessed his debt to "General" Enrico Cerruti, a native of Turin who fled his homeland at an early age to become "a Latin American Consul General." After a tempestuous revolutionary career, he ended up in Bancroft's employ and the historian became "strongly attached to him." Cerruti was most instrumental in obtaining the family archives of such Spanish California families as the Vallejos of Sonoma, records which are today in the Bancroft Library of the University of California at Berkeley. After Cerruti killed himself at Sonoma in 1876, Bancroft lamented: "If I had him back with me alive, I would not give him up for all Nevada's mines."

In general, the characteristics of Italian settlers in the West have been described more skillfully by novelists than by historians. Authors like John Fante and Jo Pagano, in books like *Dago Red* (1940), *The Paesani* (1940), and *Golden Wedding* (1943), captured the mood of truck farmers in the field and of the cannery worker stuffing asparagus or apricots into tins. Idwal Jones wrote of the northern Swiss-Italian wine-growing country in *The Vineyard* (1942). Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize play *They Knew What They Wanted* (1928) drew national interest to the inland wine-growing Napa Valley of California.

As has been stated, certain regions of California bear great visual resemblance to Italy, and this resemblance has done much to draw Italians to such areas as the Santa Barbara coast line. José Lobero, who gave Santa Barbara's civic theater its name, was an Italian. This gold seeker opened a tavern and saloon, the mortgaging

of which allowed him to build what Howard Swan in his *Music in the Southwest* calls "the most elaborate and magnificent theater yet to be erected in southern California," a building that seated 1,300 people. The Italian botanist Dr. Francesco Francheschi tried to transform Santa Barbara into a Latin oasis. By introducing such plants as the Pineapple Guava, the Lippia Repens, and Pittosporums, he hoped to create a botanical Riviera in miniature; and his dream has largely come true.

In California's interior, gay little painted villages like Asti and Lodi, named after the home towns of their founders, reminded many a nineteenth-century traveler of Piedmont or Lombardy. The Barolo, Barbera, San Giovetto, and Chianti produced by Italians resembled the wines of Italy. Early festivals following the vintage season recalled similar festivities in the old country. *Contadini* cultivated precious patches of *basilico* to put in their *pasta* or *minestra*. The well-to-do played *boccie* on the hard courts of their country villas. Scores of stonemasons built picturesque, winding roads that coursed through many a prosperous country estate. Some California villas even resembled Pompeii's Casa dei Vetti, with their atriums, Janus-headed vases, and bursting fountains.

The cities too were an indication that Italy had been transplanted into California. "Little Italy" in San Francisco was a world in itself. Its presses ground out miles of doughy *tortellini* and *lasagne* as well as reams of *La Voce del Popolo*. Fernet Branca and Florio's Marsala bottles lay resplendent in the showcases of Italian groceries. Bakeries featured *grissini* and hard breads *al'Italiana*. At restaurants like the Fior d'Italia one could buy Milanese cutlets or *zabaglione*. A merchant could join the Camera di Commercio Italiana. An Italian could put his money in the Banca Popolare or read *La Colonia Svizzera* if he came from the Italian-speaking Canton Ticino. In fact the San Francisco Italian really did not need to learn English; Italian physicians, lawyers, and bankers took care of his basic professional needs.

Washington Square, like its New York counterpart, was crowded with yelling Italian children. Tomatoes and garlic dried in back yards. And fishermen on Fisherman's Wharf mended their nets as mariners have done for generations at Leghorn or Genoa,

propping up sagging spirits after an unsuccessful catch by tapping demijohns of red wine. But whereas the overcrowded Italian waterfront had produced poverty and despair, the San Francisco wharf area produced DiMaggios—Joe, Vince, and Dom. Indeed, baseball seemed to be the favorite sport of San Francisco Italians: Frank Crosetti and Tony Lazzeri are among the city's other notable contributions to the major leagues. These California Italians played the game in an urban environment bereft of slums in the usual sense. Both Los Angeles' North Broadway and San Francisco's Mission District bear little resemblance to the cluttered, confining atmosphere of the Columbus Squares of eastern metropolises. Few West Coast Italians have had to get their air on a fire escape.

Italian workers were not the only ones to note the similarity of California's scenery to Italy's. Books like Charles Dudley Warner's *Our Italy* (1902) and Peter C. Remondino's health-stressing *Mediterranean Shores of America* (1892) also exploited the resemblance. An advertisement in a 1905 issue of *Sunset* magazine proudly proclaimed "The Italy of California, Glenn County." The San Diego and Riverside Chambers of Commerce issued brochures labeled *Italy of America*.

Whether other Mediterranean aspects of California culture such as the noonday siesta, viniculture, the opera, and a cosmopolitan cuisine have more recently been dispersed is difficult to measure. Southern California, at least, has preserved a casual rural coloration that stems from Mediterranean origins in addition to a mild climate. On various private estates such as the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino and in places like San Diego's Balboa Park, one can still see lingering evidences of Italian-inspired rococo porticoes, manicured cypress gardens, and decaying classical statues. The Romanesque type of construction adopted for the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles, Saint Andrew's Church in Pasadena, and Stanford University's Memorial Church all testify to the esteem in which these Italian forms of architecture have been held.

Land boom advertising habitually referred to California as the American Italy. Writer Grace Ellery Channing and artist Ernest

Peixotto, both familiar with both the Golden State and Italy, published articles on the subject ("What We Can Learn From Rome" and "Italy's Message to California," respectively); both writers concluded that there was a spiritual connection between the two areas. Franklin Walker has pointed out how Oscar Wilde's reference to Los Angeles as "a sort of Naples" was in keeping with its hyperconsciousness of a "sub-tropical" climate and a hoped-for western rebirth of classical Mediterranean civilization. An illustration in California's *Golden Era* of May 1888 captioned "San Diego—Naples of America" indicates that there was even some rivalry over which locality merited the mantle of Vesuvius of the West. This same illustration incidentally exaggerated the similarities of the Neapolitan coast line and San Diego Bay by enlarging San Miguel to make it look like an inactive Vesuvius. Long Beach also claimed to be a new Naples.

The real estate boom of the 'eighties in southern California saw the building of imitation lagoons and terraced piazzas along the Pacific. Clever land speculators had recognized the appeal of publicity based on the romantic similarities between an ancient culture and California's; and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which stood to benefit enormously from such notions, had encouraged the creation of a full-blown Mediterranean America out west. An attempt to match the sonorous appeal of earlier Spanish place names like Santa Monica, Santa Barbara, or Santa Clara seemingly motivated the choice of such boom town designations as Arcadia, Hesperia, Rialto, Tarragona, Terracina, Verona, and Venice. The majority of these townsites were, however, casualties of the land bust of 1887.

Many other casualties have marked the transformation of California's original mission-rancho and later vineyard pattern of life into its present form. Just what that form is and how long it will last, we cannot say with assurance; that it is not, in any event, a "vertical skyscraper culture" is due in large part to the Italians. No other group has done so much to buttress the epicurean, semi-rural foundations of what was once considered a verdant Mediterranean America.

by Helen Prentice

DAYS ago Chris had promised to come to Dean Melvin's tea for new students. In order to save her energy for today she had not stirred from the house for three days. This was not, perhaps, what she wanted most to do, but it was what seemed right, and she had been brought up in the pine-darkened house to do her duty. Mrs. Brisseau, the housekeeper, in her every assumption preached duty, and Chris's father, Willis Atterbury, whatever his willowy short stories or his nostalgic criticism might hint, assumed a stern New England conscience on minor issues.

So she had come to the tea, and because she was weary of explaining her vague, glandular-nervous disease, and bored with the tales of other people's experiences with mononucleosis, she found herself reassuring Miss Melvin, who had rushed over saying, "Christina Atterbury, my dear, do sit down."

"No," she said, "really, I'm quite fine. I think a little exercise will be good for me." They all meant well, she thought, and turning saw that her father had seated himself, although one of the few men in a room of chatting women and girls. Evidently he now took the prerogative of age—the white lock straying on his forehead. This was a new pose, since she had gone away. Had he aged so much in the three years, or was the idea of sitting amid them, a sage and famous man, suddenly attractive?

A girl beside her spoke: "And are you really Mr. Atterbury's daughter?"

She looked and found the girl not a freshman, but with too much dark hair pulled back, and the ballerina kind of dress she always suspected of being arty. "Oh, yes." Her own brightness, not rusty she found, might also be considered professional. "I'm Chris Atterbury. Are you one of my father's students?"

"Yes, how did you know?" the girl asked. "I'm Sally James."

Not even a very original name. Chris wondered which of the

things she would say next. She had almost forgotten the game after her three years away, and perhaps it would be childish now.

"You look so young to be his daughter."

"I'm a senior, or would be, only I have a small disease, which means a few months' rest here." She might be public property, but she had no intention of discussing her parents' late marriage and her mother's early death. There must be enough legends abroad now.

"Oh, my," the girl said, "you look so very well."

They would say that, and Father delicate. "I ought to. I do nothing but eat and sleep." Then because one must go on, because when plunged in conversation one must make the best of it, she asked, "What course are you taking from my father?"

"Contemporary British Poetry. It's one of the greatest seminars ever given. We've been reading Yeats. I just love Yeats, don't you?"

Chris thought a moment. "I think I heard some of his poems when I was very little, but I don't know much about them. I'm a geology major myself."

"Really?"

Chris watched the startled reaction.

"What did your father say?"

Question 9X, to be answered—unless one heard the little devil who lurked suggesting, why not? "Oh, I don't know. It's hard to remember exactly, that he didn't know anything about it and he hoped I did."

"Oh, my."

It was said because of her casual tone, devilishly casual, Chris knew, as though he might have been just any father. This girl would go back to the dorm now and tell them that Atterbury's daughter didn't understand her father. Chris added then because of duty, "I'm going to sit in on the class this fall, so I'll see you there."

"How nice," Sally James said. "How exciting. You are so lucky."

There was a law about that expression, Chris thought, made when the earth began to cool, steamed just a little less, a law that

it shall always be ironic to be envied that way. Sally James here envies me for having a father who can't put on storm windows or fix a light socket, and who won't like Pete.

"He is amazing," Sally went on. "Children love him. I think that's the mark of a truly great man, don't you?"

"I hadn't thought about it." She remembered the curious twinge she had had when she saw him telling other children the stories and games she had thought he had made for her. "I do remember what wonderful stories he knew."

"And," said Sally, not losing time, "don't you think it's too bad he's never written any poetry himself? His essays are so impressive. I think he would have written like Yeats—only better."

"He would have been something like Yeats," Chris said vaguely. "Don't you like his short stories?"—for her father had never written the Novel.

"Of course, but still—"

Chris remembered now that she hated herself at times like this, hated herself when she was polite and told them what they wanted to know, for that was the dangerous easy way, to accept his being as her own, to be nothing and try nothing, and yet she was bitter too if she failed, if she was stubborn and silent or listened to the little mocking voice; he won then too.

Chris turned away, excusing herself, to talk to dear, angry old Dr. Henderson of Classics. They had been fond of each other for a long time and always sneaked time at such teas for a chat and a moment or two by the tea table where they both could help themselves, without being self-conscious, to several sandwiches. It gave them, Chris thought, as they moved across the room to have their cups refilled, such secret glee. She knew they understood this, never mentioning it; it was one of the minor pleasures of such times. They could pretend too that they were only casual acquaintances, and each doing a duty. Neither of them liked talking to strangers; they liked to gossip and tease each other in dignified tones about his garden and her ignorance of Greek.

No one disturbed them as they stood by the table. The windows were all open onto the wide lawns of the campus. Except for the vivid ivy it might have been deep summer, instead of September.

The scene gave her a moment of well-being, standing, talking, watching it all, the hum of conversations to which she didn't have to listen, and Dr. Henderson talking, telling her about a book on archaeology she could read if she ever were tempted. He was good; he never changed.

"I might be," she said. "I don't dare promise, because you'll ask me. You always find out. But next to good rocks there is nothing like a primitive civilization, like Greece."

"It is too bad you've never read Aristophanes, but you're fashionable and ignorant."

"Not me?" This was a new approach.

"Even you," he said.

They let it go at that. Suddenly she was weary. Suddenly it had been too long a tea and her knees were weak, but she couldn't say to Dr. Henderson, 'Let's sit down.' She couldn't bear to talk to him about this, to admit that she, whose tree-climbing stunts had kept the community alert for years, had a delicate disease. He assumed, she saw, that it was over. Yet he would have understood. But, no; his knowing would be worse than the thing itself, this being nervous and melancholy, at the mercy of a chance excitement and the least strain. It was her father's kind of disease, not hers.

"Is something wrong?" asked Dr. Henderson.

"No." He had seen anyway. "My knees are still a little weak. I think I'll get Daddy and go."

"A very good idea. I think I'll slip away myself."

She stood at the window a few minutes collecting herself. Then she went over to where her father was, appearing suddenly at his elbow, her face expressing no interest in the conversation, no more than she had shown when she was a stubborn child in pigtails. At last he turned to say, "How are you, my dear?"

"I'm afraid it's time for us to go."

"So soon?" he said. "Very well." He stirred himself, not quite rising.

Miss Melvin, who seemed to have heard from afar, came fluttering up. "Why no, you can't rush off like this. I won't have it and you don't want to go."

He shook his head. "Chris says it's time."

"But my dear, you can't deprive us of your father." She said it directly to Chris with all the others standing watching.

Chris stood silent, one of her well-known sullen silences.

"You're tired," Miss Melvin said. "I'm so sorry. Why don't you just come over and sit down by the fire. You should rest a minute before you go anyway, shouldn't she, Dr. Atterbury?"

"Perhaps she should," he said. "What do you say, Chris, shall we stay a few minutes longer?"

There it was; he wanted to finish telling them about seeing Maud Gonne in Ireland, how beautiful she really was. "All right," she said, "you tell me when you're ready."

She went over to a chair, turned to the useless fire and away from the chattering crowd. Here she might be very tired and quivering without having to produce any remarks. She was hurt and angry and upset; that much she felt without thinking. Until this day, since she had come back ill two months ago, Hedley had seemed a quiet place to be, a place to rest, almost a new place, and she had imagined herself as starting all over again with her father, but now at once they had formed the old web about her; all the old emotions were back. She had been away three years, and yet she was still tied, now strangely, or because of being sick, more than ever, for she shook somewhere far inside as though chilled. It came to her then that she couldn't just go away, which was really what she had been trying to do in Cambridge. Oh, no, it was wrong, for here was black retribution in a disease trapping her to prove it.

Miss Melvin was perching on a chair beside her. "I hope you don't mind staying a minute more."

It was hardly a question. Chris waited to see what it introduced.

"Your dear father is going to be under a strain these next few weeks. Of course he's too great a man to be upset for long, but it will be hard."

"What?" said Chris, and her mind was too limp to find the words to say, 'Surely I've done my duty all my life, gone to your teas, and stopped beebee gun practice under your windows, and never said an indiscreet word.'

"Of course you must not repeat this, but I've been wanting to

tell you ever since you got well. It may be very lucky for him to have you here this fall. It shouldn't matter to him after all the literary awards—but do you think he has been counting very much on being chairman of the department?"

"I don't know." She didn't know, not at all, nor could she at this moment stretch her mind to care. They could face this themselves.

"I'm afraid he has been," said Miss Melvin. "It's none of my business except that I sit in on the president's executive meetings." She stopped.

Even beyond all her weariness Chris found herself saying, "I know how hard it is for you."

"Yes, I do respect your father very much. But you see, for instance he goes off on lecture trips and you must know what terrible messes his class records get into." She stopped; her weak eyes pleaded as though Chris were her father. "It wouldn't make sense."

"Of course," Chris said. This whole thing couldn't matter that much. He would be bored by such a job.

"If only your poor mother had lived," Miss Melvin said suddenly. "You don't mind my saying it? Everything would have been all right. He does need someone to take care of him."

"Yes," said Chris and wondered how these particularly sensitive people (for her father had praised Miss Melvin's perceptions), how it was that they could manage to say things which hurt far more than the most abrupt person.

"I'm sorry. Your father never mentions her either, does he?"

"No," she said, "never." Probing again, an unhealthy curiosity, and they all had it. He was to blame for this. Were he himself not so delicate they wouldn't be saving him and doing this to her.

Miss Melvin left her then, with a flow of thoughtful and considerate remarks, as though she fluffed up the air about her.

Chris sat there alone until Sally James came to tell her, "Your father is ready to leave."

When they were in the car he said, "You know I caught a glimpse of you for an instant standing at a window with the sun on your golden hair."

She looked at him and accepted the remark as his apology for keeping her waiting. She was too tired to think and it *was* charming. What other father would say such a thing? "I'd been talking to Dr. Henderson."

"Ah, that was kind of you," he said. Dr. Henderson frightened the girls by his bear-like manners.

She glanced over to see if he were as complacent as that remark sounded, but no; in every speck of the blue tweed jacket, only a trifle worn, the wind-blown white hair, the clear blue eyes, the fine nose, he was the perfect figure of the unassuming and unworldly. Yet it came to her as a fresh shock how distinguished he looked, while dear Dr. Henderson was always a little too worn about the eyes and a little seedy.

They drove the rest of the way in silence.

It was a week before she was strong enough to go with her father to his seminar. When it was over she left him there surrounded by admiring girls, for he had other classes, office hours and business. A few minutes later, walking across the campus, she met Dr. Henderson. "You're not teaching Horace this term, are you?" she asked.

"Tomorrow at two."

"May I come?"

"Of course, if you want to. But don't come just to please me. If you aren't that interested you can say so."

"I know, but I do want to," she said.

"Then, come."

Then as she saw him hesitating, not plunging on his way, she searched for something with which to tease him, but he said abruptly, "You know how much I think of you. Your coming or not coming to my class won't change anything. I'll go on being fond of you."

"That's just because I've been impudent to you since I was very small," she said, "and because I like you."

"No, not merely that," he said, not teasing her.

She said "Thank you," and knew that the news about the ap-

pointment was coming out, and that they both knew one's personal and official lives were two different things.

She went on toward home, but her pleasure at Dr. Henderson's words perished suddenly at the thought of the dark house, for she knew then that her father was going to be hurt. It was no good pretending otherwise. She turned around at the image of gloom; the pines along the house had no gay colors, but remained in perpetual mourning. She would go back to the library and get the book on archaeology Dr. Henderson had suggested, and then she would write Pete that they ought to get themselves on an expedition the moment they graduated. They could be married quietly and no one need hear till they were gone.

But she would never do it that way, and so on her way back to the library she teased herself, instead, with the tricks her senses would play that time was not passing, for there was not the least movement of air; not a leaf fell of all the bright color, and children were still in school. It was like a geologic age in which nothing day by day could seem to change, nor year after year, but we, looking back a million years, can say it was the ice age, for the ice did recede, and the glacial epoch was over. It gave her a sense of firmness to think that. Yet now she was trapped in weakness and the warm day. It was not, of course, that this difficulty for her father was so big, only that he was so sensitive. The others worried for him, worried as though they possessed him, especially Miss Melvin.

As she came out of the library with the book, there was Sally James. That was the trouble with a small college; you were forever meeting people. "Hello," she said.

"How nice to see you," Sally said. "You haven't possibly got a minute to talk, have you?"

"Oh, sure," she said and waited.

"Could you come over to the dorm? No, I suppose not; you're in a hurry. Well, let's sit down on the grass, because I do want to ask you something important."

She was really almost human, only so eager. Chris sat down and assumed her solid-as-a-rock waiting look.

"You know the faculty think we never know what's going on," Sally said, "but we do. When we read in the paper this morning that Jorden had been made permanent head of the English Department we suspected something."

"Oh." Chris wasn't going to help.

"So we got up a petition right away. After all we can't just let this happen."

"What makes you think my father . . .?"

"He said to a friend of mine, when she commented on it, in his sort of wistful faraway voice, that he guessed they thought him too old."

"I see," said Chris, "and so you're doing something."

"Of course. After all, we ought to have something to say. Our tuition pays bills."

"Does my father know?"

"Oh, no, no. He doesn't," Sally said and then paused. "I just thought if you knew you might be able to tell us what he'll say."

It was so wrong; she wanted to cry out that they ought to know it was none of their business, that they'd only mess things up. Only could she say that her father would think that? While she looked at the long grass, long because the maintenance men had assumed it wouldn't grow any more and it did, just enough to be in need of cutting, while she looked as though she could project upon this scene responsibility for what came into her mind, she knew that he might easily like the petition. It depended entirely upon how it struck him. "I really don't know."

Sally looked disappointed. "Well, I think he'll be pleased."

There, again. They could tell her about her father. "I'm not sure," said Chris. "No." Then seeing herself being stubborn, and probably for no reason, she added, "Or perhaps he will. It is kind of you."

There was silence. Nothing more could be said. "I should go now," Chris told her. "I'm supposed to have a nap."

"Oh, I won't keep you, but thank you for listening. You ought to come over to the dorm for dinner some night. We'd love to have you."

"Thank you. Maybe later when I have more energy." She turned away. No, she would not go to be exhibited. Or she might be wrong; well, then she was wrong.

She went home then, but coming up the long walk to the dark, weather-beaten red house, out of place among the white houses of the street, except that its greater age and dignity gave it the right to eccentricity, she saw Mrs. Brisseau. Mrs. Charity Brisseau, of good New England stock, had once made the mistake of marrying a man of no morals and no consideration, except that he had drunk himself to death in only five years. This event had left her free sixteen years ago to become their housekeeper. She was a sturdy woman, a woman of order and precision, which Chris thought she could have known just from the way she now squeezed out the cloth with which she was washing the windows of the panels beside the front door. She was really doing much more than that, however; Chris could see at a glance that she was lying in wait. This was a feeling she used to get as a child, and she had never been wrong. Mrs. Brisseau said to Chris, "Have a nice time?"

Why that question? "It was interesting." Chris put her book down to talk, to find out what was wanted.

"Oh, I can't stop to talk," Mrs. Brisseau said. "I'm not free to work just when I feel like it."

That she was free, that she ordered them about and came and went as she pleased, had nothing to do with it; Chris didn't even consider protesting. But her mind and body went weak; it was too much. She didn't say, 'Of course I'll help. It's a fine day to do the windows.' She didn't tease or explain. She just went upstairs and lay down.

By dinnertime she found herself enough rested to note that both Mrs. Brisseau and her father were, each in his own way, in towering rages. This had not happened in such a long, long time, that she was reminded of childhood scenes and of being small and chastened; now she was troubled in a different way.

Mrs. Brisseau said, "I hope you don't mind, Christina, our having meat loaf again."

"Not at all." That was it: a hastily prepared dinner to make clear that she was overworked, and the breakfast china because, oh, yes, that was because Chris had been spoiled at college; she thought herself a lady above washing windows. Chris could have cried at the cracked willow plate, and washed all their windows for them had they understood.

About her father's silence she was not sure until he said, "My dear, would you pass the butter, if it's not . . ."

"I'm sorry." A trifle and she could be made to feel it a crime.

He went on, "I would like to say, Christina, so that we can eat pleasantly, that now you're stronger you ought to do more to help Mrs. Brisseau. It makes more work for her to have you here." He said it as though he were really too far away himself to understand. She should have had a mother to say, as if reporting his wisdom, "Your father and I think."

Now she would be twenty-one in a few months. It was silly of them both, very silly and upsetting; they could have known and believed in her by now. She said, "Yes, Father, I'm sorry. I was suddenly very tired."

"Then, we'll forget it." That was all, and very crisp for him. But he retired from them into his own mind.

She said to reach him, "I walked the creek road home today."

He had written about that brook in one of his New England stories and everyone associated it with him. "Oh, it would be beautiful," he said, but he was not as pleased as usual.

Could he be really troubled about that minor decision? Could he possibly have expected that they would give the position to him, or even have wanted it? But that was vain. "Daddy," she said, "Daddy, what are you thinking about?"

"Oh, troops of irrational imps torment me tonight." The charming smile was back.

She did not ask that; she asked more than Miss Melvin could ask at a tea.

She said then, "I heard a rather touching thing today; your students think so much of you . . ." Already it was not impudent of them, not dishonorable, but something she might possibly use.

"Oh, yes." But he didn't stir, didn't ask, and she wouldn't, couldn't go ahead and tell. Mrs. Brisseau was almost a member of the family and yet, yet there were things to be said not for her, or were there ever? Was that mere pretense?

Mrs. Brisseau was willing to forgive. She said, "They may admire you, but we're not entertaining this year. Chris and I will have enough to do just getting the house ready for winter. I'll never see why you won't sell this ark."

He didn't answer and Chris automatically said to save him, "Who would buy it?"

Over dessert her father was again talking, telling them an anecdote about the janitor of his office building. The janitor had told him only this afternoon that he had read one of his short stories. Not only had he read it, but he had proceeded to explain to her father what he thought it meant. He had preposterously misunderstood it. "And am I obscure?"

She shook her head, delighted, except for the rebel piece of her mind which insisted on wondering if this were not mere practice for a public performance.

Dinner over, she went quietly out to help with the dishes. Mrs. Brisseau said, "Your father's in another of his black rages."

"No, not this time; I think just tired," she said, and then knew she had given him away without meaning to. Mrs. Brisseau would not miss the implication that he did have a temper. Never, even as a child, had she admitted to a soul that he had a single fault. It was a mistaken and obstinate standard, but not, she thought now, entirely un noble. Only now she realized that Mrs. Brisseau wanted someone to talk to about him, and had the right to it. "I think some things have come up today over at college that have upset him."

"Remind him then—he won't remember—to call Jud about putting on storm windows. I don't want rain spattering all over my clean windows."

"Yes, I will." But she had been listening to him move about in the distance, had heard at last his footsteps down the hall and a door close. He was going out then. Oh, dear, poor Father; he was

troubled. But in a moment she asked to whom was he going, and then thought, let him go. They would reassure him, tell him how wonderful he was.

Only later when she was going upstairs to get her book she saw a light in his library and knew that he had cheated her—got her sympathy and not gone out. She would go in to him. But first she went down the hall to a window to think why she had to talk to him and what she must say. It was dark outside, such inevitable darkness that she remembered the golden afternoon. Already it grew dark earlier. Something was changing. Then as in the afternoon she had seen her own life related to the cycle of the earth's formation, now she had a sudden picture of their relation; she was growing while he waned. The image struck her; she observed how it seemed to fit, until the horror and impudence of it came to her, for he did not shrink. No, never that. Only, she thought. I have been growing, slowly, quietly, and now we do wait something, some new adjustment, though I may not see it come. It may be perhaps as dull as an equinox. Yet they are not always dull. Who can tell? Sometimes they come in the storms Mrs. Brisseau prepares for, and when they are over it is fall.

She went in to him then, found him in his comfortable armchair, reading under the green-shaded light as always. He put his book down with his unvarying courtesy, as if to say, 'Did you have a question?'—not expecting anything very intelligent, but patient all the same.

She sat down at his desk facing him, leaving between them its polished and almost empty surface. When she saw him actually before her, like a physical but unlocalized pain came the need to reach him. Without saying a thing, only with a slight smile, he made her want to please. "Did you know," she said, "that the girls are getting up some sort of petition? I guess it is a kind of tribute to you." She would not tell him she knew unless he gave a sign.

"No, I didn't know." He smiled, much pleased, but he didn't offer anything to her as she waited watching him smile to himself.

At last she asked, "They shouldn't do it, should they?"

For a moment he looked up at her. "It will make Henderson

enormously angry. It will upset them all." But he was pleased, and pleased with her for telling him. He had accepted it. In that moment she was happy. It almost seemed as though they were together, laughing at the whole pack of them.

"Oh," he said happily aloud to himself, "it will upset Sylvia Melvin too."

She watched him in the lamplight, distinguished, white-haired, only thin enough to look sensitively frail. She waited and still watched him gazing into space, and she begged him in all but words to take her inside, to acknowledge by one glance that they understood each other. It was the first time since she had started college long ago that she had faced him in a crisis. It was the first time she had met him, not as a stubborn child, nor as a difficult adolescent, to ask him to talk to her. Now was forming what their relation would ever afterward be. She knew and yet she watched, unable to speak. At last her father seemed to feel the silence.

"I've been reading such a delightful thing," he said and she knew the tone of voice, polished and vague. In her utter misery she felt that he had accepted her offering and turned away. No, not that; she suddenly imagined him a primitive stone idol, an Inca perhaps, one with a fine chiseled grin. Miss Melvin, the priestess, had just been sacrificed, and she herself had offered at the altar the precious oil of . . . of her integrity; for to get him to laugh with her, to please him, she had told him the news as though she too were pleased. But no miracle had occurred. The idol only smiled as before.

Yet he went on talking about it, the story even she would like, and as he talked she found her symbol blurring. At last she said, since he still did not see that anything was the matter, "Perhaps I can read it when you're done."

He nodded and she sat quietly. Does one, she thought, ever discover anything for the first time? No, for she had always known he couldn't fix doors, because he didn't like the idea of himself fixing doors. That's the kind of thing one does know about one's father; even a child knows. That was all she was finding out now; only then she saw him stretching on and on up, infinitely into the

clouds where she couldn't see, into short stories, conversations and difficulties she couldn't understand.

But it was not true. His mourning for Mother gave him a pose, wistful and nostalgic, and he never went beyond it. They all loved it.

He looked up at her, watched her with his clear blue eyes. "But you're really well now, aren't you, my dear?"

Warmth came into her face that he should ask. Yes, he asked about her illness; he could remember that much, but not enough to offer her strength, understanding, or to take her home from a tea when she was tired. The words lay there, a self-dramatic hand, which she might reject, stretched toward her. But it was a kind of love: he did love her in his own, though feeble, way, and he meant to speak although he didn't know how. He might once have known and lost what he knew in the mindless adoration. He loved her, and all her life she had felt at such words a twist of pain and guilt that she should presume to ask more.

Now the words were easy. "Yes, I'll be well any day now."

He smiled, pleased as seldom before at words she had formed out of pain.

She felt calm. It had all come quietly, with none of the bitterness of early half-discoveries, but inevitably, like a logical conclusion, which it was, and which was why it wiped all else away.

He stirred, for he had again been looking vaguely into space. "I'm glad, my dear. And now, my dear, why don't you run along?"

Oh, he said 'my dear' too often to cover up the lack of understanding, and now that she no longer needed to convince herself of a kind of love which couldn't exist, she understood. He spoke as though she were a child whose constant watching made him uneasy. Perhaps it was so.

"Yes," she said, getting up, running her finger across the smooth surface of his desk where his shadow was reflected, waiting, wanting to say anything that might be said. "Goodnight." As she said it, she saw him watching his delicate fingers opening his book.

To see this familiar impatience no longer hurt. She had nothing to say and she went from the room startled that there was only this slight emptiness and no grief at all the impossibilities.

Miracle

J. B. HARRISON

These still white hexagons began
As vapor in the sun which darkened
On the wind until the hills
Shook black to white again and let it down
As lightly as it rose. No doubt it had its moment
In the sky: drove eastward on a level track
Straight at a mark, to meet
The steep cold that slacked its pace
To a soft downward float, then lie inert
While dying crystals give it up
To sullen slush, to uncelestial mud.
Thence it will rise once more and spread inviolate
Beneath the sun:
Conception maculate immaculate,
Priest and skeptic one.

MEDICAL EDUCATION 1955

by Windsor C. Cutting, M.D.

NOWADAYS almost everyone is interested in medicine but only an occasional person stops to think about medical education. Yet without medical schools there would be no new doctors, and little progress in medical science. The complexity and expense of medical education are serious threats to its existence, threats which must be met if the health of the public is to be secure.

Before plunging into the problems that face medical education today, let us glance at the history of this complicated educational discipline. For it is complicated. The educational tools of mathematics, or Spanish, let us say, are largely books. Chemistry and physics require laboratories as well. Medicine needs not only books and laboratories, but human patients in hospitals and clinics. One can hardly describe the complexities of a hospital in the simple words adequate for an ordinary classroom.

The earliest "medical" education was probably by the apprentice system—among the American Indians as among the Greeks of Hippocrates' time. It was a predominant method in our own early America, where the lad made rounds in a buggy with the local practitioner and in time hung out his own shingle. Although much minimized today, this method is far from obsolete. In those schools where the classes can be kept relatively small an almost tutorial relationship may grow up between students and teachers. From this close association often comes inspiration and lasting friendship. Some physicians feel that the old apprentice relationship should be re-established, but most members of medical faculties are reluctant to see such methods dominate. Individual teachers vary too much in their strengths to commit a student preponderantly to any one.

Less old are the hospital schools. Hospitals probably did not exist as such before the Crusades, when groups like the Knights Hospitalers arose. Some hospitals trace their origins far back—for instance, St. Bartholomew's in London, which is about 800 years

old. Medical students naturally congregated in these places, and today, in some areas, medical training is given largely in such hospital schools. The schools in London are perhaps the purest examples; although nominally connected with the University of London, their character comes mainly from the hospitals. In this country, the clinical years at Harvard, for example, are dispersed in a number of hospitals and thus share in this tradition. The schools of London are good, and Harvard is probably the greatest of our schools, but this does not necessarily mean that the hospital school is the most satisfactory. With long traditions in scholarship and in financial support, the hospital school is effective, but to many observers it has seemed to be effective only because of these traditions. In newer settings there is a tendency to fail to appreciate that medicine cannot stand alone, outside of the other sciences, and that in isolation a medical college is likely to become only a trade school.

A third type of medical training institution, the proprietary school, was common in the United States all during the eighteen hundreds, and really developed nowhere else in the world. It paralleled the vigor of the frontier, of which it was a manifestation: it was in tune with the times to found a medical school when half a dozen physicians were available in a new city, and then to found a competing school shortly after the first. Lacking endowment or state subsidy, such schools were owned by the doctors and existed largely on the tuition fees they collected; hence the term proprietary. The staff was compensated from these fees, or wrote off its services as advertising. Probably none of these schools could be called even fair by present standards, though some were good for their times; others were little more than diploma mills. Owing largely to the Flexner report of 1910, the position of the proprietary schools was considerably weakened. Between 1900 and 1920 about half of them disappeared, and most of the others gradually made university affiliations and so gained strength and stability.

This brings us to the university schools, some of which are quite ancient, for most of the old universities were constituted from the three disciplines of theology, law, and medicine. Universities are

long-lived, and some like Prague and Padua have stood the repeated political changes of centuries. The first university with a medical school in anything like the modern sense was at Salerno, on the instep of the Italian boot, and it had become, by the ninth or tenth century, a great university. The university medical school was common in continental Europe and in Scotland—less so in England. In the United States a few early medical schools were founded on this pattern, but most were proprietary.

By way of illustration, consider Stanford, which had its origins in proprietary days. Samuel Elias Cooper began to study medicine as an apprentice in Ohio at the age of sixteen. By nineteen he was practicing in Illinois and was quite a controversial figure—he was accused of resurrecting his dissection material! By 1858 he had found his way to San Francisco and had started the first medical school in the West. He was obviously vigorous and tempestuous, the very essence of the medical frontiersman. At 41 he died, and after a brief lapse, his nephew Levi Cooper Lane re-established the school, which in time became Cooper Medical College; it kept this name until its affiliation with Stanford University. As proprietary schools went, it was not a bad one—in fact, it was exceptionally good in many respects. Many of our older physicians in California were trained in it and bear it love and gratitude, as I well know from members of my family who were among them. However, it had little endowment, was weak in the basic sciences, and truly existed largely because of the devotion of its faculty.

Shortly after 1900, conversations were begun between Dr. Jordan, president of Stanford, and Dr. Lane, president of Cooper. Final union came in 1908, and in 1913 the first class received the M.D. degree. This alliance made possible the addition of sound preclinical departments with full-time professors, and research, for the first time, became a serious faculty privilege. For fifty-odd years, however, there has been a physical division in the school—some of the preclinical departments were at Stanford proper, while the clinical sections were in San Francisco. Despite this weakness, a university atmosphere developed on the San Francisco campus and the school grew strong, although there were many people in

favor of consolidating the medical school in one place. Fortunately the population increase on the San Francisco peninsula now makes it possible to move the San Francisco units to the Stanford campus in the very near future. Thus, one hundred years after its founding, the college will truly become a university school in all respects.

It was the failure of the proprietary schools which brought the emphasis in this country back to the universities. The failure was largely the result of a deficiency in science. Before 1900 medicine was mostly an art. Intuitive sympathy was perhaps the physician's most useful talent. After 1900 the effects of chemistry and bacteriology were irresistible. Medicine, from having been merely an art, became a science as well. This was much too difficult a requirement for the proprietary schools; only in the universities could adequate science be found. Now at mid-century, the university school has displaced all the other forms of medical training in this country. The new social turn in health matters makes a university affiliation even more imperative. The average citizen wants not only to be treated when he is sick, but to be kept well, along with his family and the whole town. To the previous fields of art and natural science has been added the field of social behavior, and again the experts are mostly to be found in the universities.

Just as Cooper Medical College anticipated the trend in seeking university affiliation, so it is probable that the present move toward profound physical and spiritual integration with the mother university anticipates a general move in this direction. It is part of the slow replacement of the empiric by the scientific in medicine.

As evidence of this trend let me repeat some of the words of Dean Stanley Dorst of the University of Cincinnati Medical School, spoken in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Association of American Medical Colleges last year. He said that a great profession is a way of life, not a matter of technical knowledge; that education is required, not training; and that there is an essential transcendental character not found in guilds. No reason, financial or otherwise, must stand in the way of complete integration of medical schools into their universities, the goal delineated by the reforms of the opening years of the century. The purpose of the

university is to produce an elite of truly educated men and women; the need for cultural education, outside of medicine, must not be forgotten, lest there be a return to the isolation of hospital schools. Also, I cannot resist quoting from a particularly literate fellow dean, Vernon Lippard, who wrote in a recent *Yale Alumni Magazine*: "Yale School of Medicine . . . is not considered an isolated vocational school but an integral unit in the University's educational structure. This is, in my opinion, as it should be. To their ultimate disadvantage, many American medical schools have developed essentially as annexes of city hospitals, often far removed from the campus and even in distant cities, and association with other divisions of their universities has been little more than nominal. The day when this type of organization can be most effective has passed."

Two special characteristics of the university school justify separate mention. The first is that the faculty becomes preponderantly full-time. Numerically this is not always so, for there may be a "clinical faculty" of practitioners who teach perhaps a half day a week and who may exceed the full-time teachers in number. Important as this part-time faculty is, the essential color of the school depends upon the full-time men for whom the school is their entire professional life. It is these men that administer the educational program and do the major part of the teaching. They are primarily professors attracted by the opportunities in teaching and research, rather than practitioners.

The second characteristic is that the departments of the school become departments of the university as well. This means that they offer courses to graduate candidates for the Ph.D. degree as well as to medical students. These additional students contribute greatly to the fundamental research in the department. They bring to it special attitudes, knowledge, and incentives which enrich it.

There remains one more form of medical education—the institute. Examples are the Rockefeller Institute in New York City and the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, near Washington, D.C. The emphasis here is on postgraduate training and on research; there is no undergraduate teaching. The purpose served

is therefore supplemental to that of the university school. Some scholars prefer this partial isolation, while others are more productive when their lives include the stimulus of teaching.

II

The complexity of medical training is greatly increased by the need for patients for clinical teaching. Under the apprentice system, the patients for teaching were largely the private patients of the preceptors. To some extent this was also true of the proprietary schools, but in the main the proprietary schools, the hospital schools, and the university schools all carried on their clinical teaching among indigents until recently. Now times are changing.

In many areas, especially outside of the largest cities, the indigent population is dwindling. This trend is apparent in the wards of our teaching hospital in San Francisco, and in the large county hospital in San Francisco. It is reflected in the fact that there are fewer varieties of disease. There are exceptions, however, as at the Santa Clara County Hospital, fifty miles from San Francisco, where migrant farm laborers and their families constitute a special source of people of marginal financial status.

Two reasons for this decrease in medical indigency warrant mention. First, these in general are not hard times; unemployment is relatively low. Second, more and more people are covered by health and old age insurance. It has been estimated that over three-fourths of the population of the San Francisco peninsula have some form of such coverage, although it is quite limited in many cases.

There is therefore an impending change in the source of clinical material for teaching in a number of medical schools. The change has taken two forms; the first is a return to teaching with private patients. Patients of all income levels and all degrees of insurance coverage have been used. In some respects, the training of the student is more apt when carried out with the type of patient he will be treating later as a doctor. Fortunately, patients in general appreciate being used in teaching, for often the actual care improves when students are involved. More minds, even young ones, centering on a problem may serve to clarify it.

The second new source for patients is veterans' hospitals. About seventy such hospitals now have affiliations with medical schools, though in many cases only for residency training. In some respects these hospitals resemble the county hospitals with their medically indigent patients, for they customarily admit not only patients with service-connected illnesses but also veterans who are economically unable to procure private treatment. In a number of schools veterans' hospitals furnish an important percentage of the patients. In return, the veterans receive highly skilled care from the medical faculty.

Thus, the patients used for clinical teaching, once largely indigent, now include a variety of types.

III

The constant need for financial support is a primary concern of the medical school. Medical education has always been relatively expensive, but did not become astronomically so until it came to be dependent on expensive hospitals and laboratories. It is probably the most costly of professional educations.

Medical education has never in the past been supported financially by medical service; to be sure, devoted physicians taught, often without remuneration, but the patient did not contribute directly. The financial support came from tuition, endowments, taxes, and gifts. It still comes from these sources, but now also from at least one other source—medical service itself. In Los Angeles, the University of Southern California receives pay for services rendered by its staff at the Los Angeles County Hospital, amounting to nearly half a million dollars a year. This is an indication that the responsibility of medical service toward medical education is being recognized, though by the county government, not the patients themselves.

In the preceding discussion reference has been primarily to undergraduate medical education. Graduate training at the residency levels has consistently been supported by clinical income. At the Mayo Clinic, for example, several hundred young physicians

are receiving advanced training in superb modern buildings paid for from the practice of medicine. But at the medical school level, such financial sources are largely undeveloped.

What, then, are the ordinary present sources? A principal source is taxes, for about half of the medical schools today are state schools. In these schools the legislatures provide the bulk of the money, though this is often augmented by gifts and endowments. Even though there may be politics at budget time, the states intend to support their schools and there is no serious balking at the large amounts of money which must be provided. Certain city governments also contribute generously when the schools are municipal. The federal government gives less, except in special fields such as research, and then more commonly as grants for special projects rather than as unencumbered and predictable annual support.

It is the private schools that have the real problems. The money they need must be raised through a steady campaign for donations, a campaign that can never lag. Only a few private schools, like the University of Pennsylvania and the new medical school of the University of Miami, receive regular state supplements. Serious thinking has gone into the question of whether medical education is not too costly to be handled without governmental support. The answer is by no means simple. However, the privately supported university has an enormous advantage in its freedom from political considerations: it is the educationally flexible and the politically inflexible partner of the state university. Though the private medical schools share with the mother university these same characteristics, of necessity they may come to a somewhat intermediate position.

The several sources of money for private medical schools are considered in the following paragraphs.

1. *Tuition.* In all private schools, the tuition is important, even though it supplies far less proportionately than in the old days of the proprietary schools. At Stanford, which probably represents the average, the tuition covers about one-sixth of the cost of each student's education. (In the undergraduate college, tuition amounts to about one-half of the cost of education.) Even in state medical schools tuition is charged, usually about half the amount charged

by private schools, while undergraduates pay only nominal tuition. This is a clear evidence of the expense of medical education.

2. *Endowment Income.* For the private school, endowment income is tremendously important because it is the most dependable and predictable income. Schools that have little or no endowment proceed on thin ice. If gifts falter, or enrollment shows a sudden decline, they may find themselves unable to survive. Endowment income supplies this margin of safety—or much more, in a few of the older and richer schools. However, as an example, again citing Stanford, which was once considered to be richly endowed, the teaching budget of the medical school is equal to about one-half of the entire endowment income of the university. It is little wonder that this sometimes seems excessive to the other faculties. The expressed goal in some private universities is that individual graduate schools have individual endowments, that “each tub stand on its own bottom.” This lessens friction between schools and allows each drive for money to have a distinct approach and goal.

State universities often have considerable endowments, in some cases more than those of their neighboring private universities. For instance, the University of California has an endowment of 65 million dollars while Stanford has 50 million. At first glance, this may seem a misdirection of philanthropy, but it is only reasonable that donors should be free to give where their interest lies, and particularly to the school which may have been their alma mater. Perhaps all that should be asked is that “Unto those that have shall be given” be considered beside “Blessed are ye that hunger.”

3. *Gift Income.* Today gift income supplements endowment income in universities generally. The gifts take the place of the income from a considerable endowment. They come from a surprisingly wide array of sources: private individuals, alumni groups, professional groups, foundations, industry, and government.

The largest gifts are likely to be those given by individual friends of the university. These friends are called “angels” in the office of the dean of the school; to him their place in heaven is assured. The older schools, by their long existence, attract some such gifts steadily. Other gifts come from active campaigning; they are

obtained with difficulty at times, and with relative ease at other times when they coincide with an upswing in popular interest in medicine or in the school itself.

Of about equal importance are gifts which come from annual appeals to the alumni. Most physicians are immensely grateful to their school and devoted to it. Quite new are donations from professional medical groups. The California Medical Association this year gave \$100,000 for distribution to the forty-one private medical schools of the country, a tremendously encouraging event. Other annual gifts have come from the American Medical Education Foundation, sponsored by the American Medical Association, and the National Fund for Medical Education, sponsored by industry. Through their combined effort, \$5 million has been subscribed for distribution to the country's seventy-nine medical schools, private and state, during the past five years; although short of these organizations' announced goal of \$10 million yearly, this contribution is also extremely encouraging. Some other notable gifts have come from industry, and the judicial decision that such gifts by corporations are legal will undoubtedly encourage more. In the large, however, private enterprise has barely begun to rise to the aid of its relatives, the private universities and their medical schools.

Foundation gifts are of extreme importance, both to universities as a whole and to their professional schools. Twenty years and more ago this assistance was often available for buildings, but since then brick-and-mortar money has been relatively short. This shortage has been doubly severe upon those schools which did not start building programs before 1930; not only must they exist in antiquated structures, discouraging in themselves, but they must renounce all thoughts of new ventures in curriculum or research that seem likely to require new space. This inhibits the most serious purpose of the school, the fostering of new knowledge at the horizon. More recently, foundation money has usually been directed into projects of a research nature. Such investments have, of course, yielded almost unbelievable returns, in both theoretical and applied knowledge. Sometimes, however, a project yields a tantalizing dream which never enters reality for lack of a dream house to de-

velop it in. Like the foundations, the federal government, through the Public Health Service, the armed services, and the Atomic Energy Commission, has materially supported research. It has made available some building money and a fair amount for the support of teaching programs, but little for general purposes.

As a result, some schools are becoming "research poor." The course goes like this: The university recognizes the necessity of research and encourages it. An investigator applies for a grant from a foundation, and both he and the university are grateful when he receives it. It pays for materials and perhaps a technician. Soon the light burns late and there are extra rat cages to care for. The janitor works a little harder but so far no one worries. However, when this project is multiplied by ten or more, as has happened under the stimulus of available research money, the janitor can no longer do the extra work by himself, and the cost of electricity has a new feel. In other words, the unseen or unthought-of overhead may have reached threatening proportions, while the budget, already straining to provide the professors' salaries, can be stretched no further. The university, encouraging research, can become poorer. The government agencies have recognized their responsibility in this strange impoverishment through research, at times with generous subsidies, but more generally with a repair of perhaps only half the overhead costs. The nongovernmental foundations have been less able to rectify the increased costs. Make no mistake, the universities must do research; many great scholars are drawn to the universities for no other reason. It is simply unfortunate that money for research is not matched by money for other, equally important functions of the university.

4. *Income from Medical Practice.* When a medical faculty engages in the vigorous practice of medicine, and competes with other neighboring groups not engaged in education, its effectiveness in teaching and research is certain to suffer. A professor can see a few patients with intellectual profit to his research and teaching, but he cannot see too many without losing the state of mind in which these university functions are paramount. In short, for the teacher a little practice is likely to be good; a lot is likely to be bad. The

Mayo Clinic will be held up at once as a tremendously successful practicing group which has nonetheless done excellent work in teaching and research. There is no doubt about this success, but in many respects the Mayo Clinic is unique. Perhaps the essential point in the comparison is that the Mayo Clinic does not support undergraduate teaching, and that its service would be less profitable if it were complicated by this separate primary purpose.

My own feeling is that if a medical school is to be great it must never be primarily involved in rendering care; the care it renders should be superb, but quantitatively it should be appropriate to the school's functions as a teaching, research, and consulting center.

When all the above sources of operating income are put down, one gets a table more or less like the following, which is a rough annual budget for an average private medical school, not including hospital costs.

Tuition of medical students	\$ 250,000
Individual and foundation gifts to the medical school..	100,000
Alumni gifts to the medical school	100,000
Research grants	400,000
University general funds	650,000
<hr/>	
Total budget	\$1,500,000

In this table, the first four items accrue to the university because it has a medical school. The fifth item, university general funds, comes directly from the endowment and gift resources of the general university; it, then, is a measure of the true cost of the school to the university. All told, the total medical school budget easily may constitute about one-tenth of the entire university budget, yet medical students seldom make up more than about 3 percent of the total student body.

It is pertinent to look for a moment at the amount of free service which even such a modest school as Stanford renders to the indigent sick. In its clinics, teaching hospital, and county hospital services, it has been estimated to furnish about \$1,500,000 of free medical services annually—a figure adequate to carry the school's costs of operation. Included in this figure is an item of some \$60,000 which

the university pays in salaries to its professors who act as chiefs at the San Francisco Hospital without remuneration from the city.

IV

Now let us turn from history and finance to a personality, the medical student. This personality has two complexions; sometimes the one predominates, sometimes the other, but most often there is a happy mixture. The first is the humanitarian. Some youths want to enter medicine because it is the route to doing good, the open door to human relationships with an endless series of appreciative people. This is the social, gregarious, extrovert side of the candidate. The second is the intellectual. Here the appeal is to the mind, the powerful urge to see further into the unknown of science and life. This is the quiet, penetrating, introvert side of the candidate. The first enables the future physician to be a friend to his patient; the second enables him to learn the scientific facts with which he may save his friend's life. Of the two, the second is the more essential. No matter what his intent and his bedside manner, the physician without knowledge is dangerous and should be in a less exacting field. By contrast, the man with the scientific knowledge, even though he may be cold and withdrawn, will always find a useful niche in medicine, for the practitioner stands on the foundation erected by the investigator, and good investigators come in all shades of personality.

Both boys and girls may enter medicine, and in most schools the ratio enrolled is about that of those who apply—through chance rather than quota. Some schools lean over backward to admit extra girls so as to be free of any thought of discrimination against women. In my experience, the same is true of religious or racial minorities; admission is determined by the quality of the applicants and not by their backgrounds. This was not always so, for when Elizabeth Blackwell became the first woman student in an American medical school one hundred years ago, Geneva College in upstate New York was breaking an ironclad custom. She was admitted only after years of rebuffs at other schools, and then finally because the proposal tickled the fancy of the student body at Geneva which appar-

ently itself voted her admission. But for this narrow circumstance, the entrance of women into medicine would probably have been delayed for some years.

There are always those on admission committees who want to see that right is done by young Smith, son of old Smith of the Class of '25. But there are also those to whom the word university means universal, and who would vote for a boy from Mars if one applied. It should be noted that this latter attitude is most prominent in the private schools, for state schools almost always have primary geographical restrictions. At an older private school like Harvard, a boy from California may well have a slight advantage over one from Massachusetts.

A century ago, entry into medical school depended on little more than desire and financial means. With the elimination of weak schools during the early years of the twentieth century, admission practices changed radically. Brains were required. Today brains are still required, and with them desire and perseverance and a certain amount of personableness, but above all brains. Without intellectual ability only heartbreaks lie ahead.

But what about the would-be physician without money? In the days when the costs of medical education were not excessive, tuition posed no more of a problem in medicine than in many other disciplines. Now, with present costs, it poses a serious problem. The realistic annual cost of the education of a student in medical school at Stanford is roughly as follows:

Tuition (paid by student)	\$ 1,000
University (all other budgetary sources)	5,000
Living (more or less depending on whether it includes a car and a girl)	1,500
<hr/>	
Yearly total	\$ 7,500
For the four years	\$30,000

The sum of \$30,000, even nowadays, is considerable. The fact that \$10,000 of it must be provided by the student is a serious deterrent in many instances. Some people propose that full costs be paid by the students and that they be loaned the money, at low inter-

est, by the university. Others say, "No, future physicians must not be accepted on the basis of their having rich fathers or their willingness to go deeply into debt." Universities so far have been most reluctant to raise tuitions to equal true costs; they are doing their utmost to hold higher education open to students of all financial origins. Even for the portion charged as tuition, loan funds and scholarships are available to students with reasonable scholastic ability. At Stanford, the students' share of the expenses of their medical education comes from parents, work, wives, scholarships, and loans, in about that order. Over one-half leave medical school in debt.

One final word about the selection of medical students may be helpful to both parents and candidates. In most medical schools the entering class can be made up of applicants who have a B average or better; relatively few are taken with a lower average. Most schools arrange a personal interview with one or more of the admissions committee when the candidate has a reasonable grade average. Impossible misanthropes may be eliminated by such an interview, but every experienced interviewer knows how hard it is to judge whether or not a boy or girl will find personal satisfaction in some field of medicine. A medical aptitude test is required by many schools, but reliance upon it varies considerably. Most committees find the results helpful but not infallible. Last of all, the letters of recommendation, with 90 percent saying that John is a wonderful boy, mean relatively little unless the writers are known personally to the committee.

V

Before admission the medical student will have had three or four years of college work. General subjects which the college or university believes will give breadth of view will have been included: science and usually a foreign language. Superimposed on these requirements will have been certain natural sciences to serve as a direct base for medical subjects: biology, chemistry, and physics. Formerly these requirements, taken all together, tended to be confining and to allow little exploration into other fields,

whether scientific or cultural. A strong surge is now apparent which is sweeping away the detailed prerequisites and allowing diversity of choice. Special knowledge in any field, even a field not at all directly related to medicine, is desirable. The new emphasis is on bringing many and varied talents into medicine in this period of expanding concepts. In the schools of highest reputation, the majority of entering medical students now have had four years of general college education.

Medical students have little chance of continuing nonmedical studies after they enter medical school. There is no easy way for them to follow up an interest in English literature, mathematics, or geology. This is partly a fault of crowded curriculums and partly a fault of the mental isolation of medical schools from universities. Both of these faults are undoubtedly destined to be more widely recognized. At Stanford, for instance, a serious, prolonged study of the medical curriculum is under way and one of its goals is to make room in the curriculum for useful blocks of "free time." The relocation of the school on the university campus will make it physically possible for students to continue broad scholastic interests.

The student who survives the rigors of selection has before him five years of intellectual excitement. The first two are largely concerned with acquiring an intimate knowledge of the structure and function of the human body and its parts. The student studies, for example, the anatomy of a bone and the muscles that move it; then the chemical and physical processes that occur in the muscle when it contracts, and how the contraction is controlled. Asides about disease creep in, and whet the interest of the student, but in general it is preferable to understand the normal before the complexities of disease are tackled. In bacteriology, however, disease enters more definitively, and toward the end of the second year the door opens upon that inexhaustibly interesting life, clinical medicine.

For the next two years the student lives more in the wards and clinics than in the classroom. He seeks to develop real understanding of diseases in terms of the normal of the preclinical years. On this basis, the approach is logical; otherwise it would be only de-

scriptive. Greater stress is put on understanding the nature of disease than on refinements of diagnostic technique or treatment. There is a lifetime ahead to learn techniques; there is no need to learn them at the expense of a firm foundation. It is far better, for example, to learn what causes appendicitis and what the process does to the body than to become adept at making a pretty stitch in closing the incision. The stitching ability would be useless in later years if appendicitis turned out to be best treated by some entirely different approach, perhaps even nonsurgical.

At the end of the second two years, the student is graduated as a doctor of medicine, with much general medical knowledge but usually without great polish in any special field. Immediately there follows the intern year, which brings real clinical responsibility and technique. This completes the basic medical education.

After the practical year of interning, other doors open to the young physicians. At the moment, they usually face two years in the army, but normally the majority would prefer additional hospital experience before entering practice. A large number return to hospitals for residency or fellowship training after their tour of duty.

Residency training is designed to furnish adeptness in a specialty. Commonly two or three years, and occasionally as many as six or eight years, may be spent in this manner. It is these years which can change one bright boy with good basic undergraduate training into a skilled psychiatrist, say, and another with the same training into a skilled obstetrician or pathologist. Most of the names of the specialists so trained are familiar, but one, the internist, may need explanation. The similarity between the words intern and internist has been the source of much humor. An internist is an expert in internal medicine—the professor of medicine, for instance. The intern is barely out of his student days and is sequestered in a hospital.

Parallel with residency training there is fellowship training. Fellowships in a few institutions are similar to residencies, but usually a fellowship denotes a slightly different interest. A typical fellow has few clinical responsibilities and spends most of his time

in a laboratory doing research. Although such work is valuable to any clinician, it develops particularly the inquiring and critical attitude so much a part of the professor and the scientist. Fellowships therefore train toward academic associations. An off-the-cuff estimate of the strength of a medical school about which one knows little can perhaps be based better on the number of fellows than on any other criterion. For fellows, with their freedom from routine duties and their drive toward investigation, are the very lifeblood of medical schools.

Residencies and fellowships are, of course, not at all mutually exclusive. Fellowships usually follow clinical years, or are interspersed with them. As a result of the advanced training, membership may be had in specialty boards by examination and in learned societies by election. Both are evidences of experience and competence. By the age of thirty or so, a doctor will have passed the formal stage in his training, and entered the informal stage that will last the rest of his life. The success of his training can be measured only by his success in adapting to the stream of new developments and concepts which he will meet day by day all through his active life. Although medical meetings, medical reading, and postgraduate and refresher courses all will help in this continuing education, it is the habits and attitudes developed in medical school that count most.

All of us like to look into the future. For medical education the crystal ball has some clear places. It is obvious that the epochs of medicine as an art and as a science, both dealing largely with individuals, are being succeeded by an era of community interest in health. Such allied services as rehabilitation, social service, and clinical psychology will shortly join medicine to promote community health. Economically, programs to pay in advance for medical care and to decrease catastrophic liabilities by insurance are becoming more and more important. Medical education must include adequate experience in all these concepts. Further, it must recognize changing accents within its traditional curriculum. Psychiatry, in particular, needs exploration, for the mind is the last great frontier in the body.

To keep abreast of these developments and yet not lose momentum in the science of medicine itself will test our abilities. For the science of medicine is racing; the advances of the moment in drug therapy, for instance, are altering whole accustomed disciplines. The medical faculties that succeed will be the great leaders of tomorrow. My own prediction is that those faculties will succeed best that are most closely attached to universities. Universities never let the scholar forget that he is forever at the brink of the unknown. Their spirit is Browning's:

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

(Continued from page 351)

KA NAA SUBRAMANYAM

("A Servant of God") is both author and editor of many works in Tamil, one of the chief languages of South India. He is editorial director of LIPI, a literary syndicate particularly interested in the exchange of material between India and countries abroad. At present he is working on his first novel in English, to be called *The Satyagrahi*.

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WINDSOR C. CUTTING

("Medical Education 1955") is no stranger to the readers of the *Spectator*. Two previous articles of his have appeared: "New Drugs and Drug Science" in the summer of 1950, and "Our Tiniest Adversaries" in the spring issue of 1951. He is dean of the Stanford University Medical School, with which he has been associated throughout the last seventeen years.

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